

THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

VOL. IV. No. 16.

J. J. BURKE.
EDITOR & PUBLISHER.

Antioch, Illinois., Thursday Morning Dec. 18, 1890.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR
STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

Toys, Games, Books and Fine Candies, and every-thing you can think of for the little folks, at C. O. Foltz.

JUST RECEIVED A LARGE LINE OF HOLIDAY GOODS!

YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO CALL AND EXAMINE THEM.

L. W. LEWIS, JEWELER,

ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS.

T. F. WILLIAMS, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
DISEASES OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN
A SPECIALTY.
Office two doors West of News office, up stairs,
ANTIOCH, ILL.

WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINE,
TIME TABLE.
GOING NORTH.
No. 5, 3:07 P. M.
No. 7, 10:38 A. M.
No. 9, 7:10 P. M.
No. 11, 12:30 A. M.
GOING SOUTH.
No. 2, 4:58 A. M.
No. 4, 11:55 A. M.
No. 6, 8:47 P. M.
No. 10, 7:55 A. M.
TRAINS GIVEN STOP AT ANTIOCH.
Reference mark * Stop on signal.
During the Summer Season, all of the above
trains, run daily between Chicago and Wauke-
sha, except the Milk train, Nos. 9 and 10.
W. F. ZIEGLER, AGT.

Antioch Home News.

Beautiful Christmas cards at C. O. Foltz'.

Mr. Chas. Sibley, of Trevor, was here on Saturday last.

Engage your best girl for the ball on New Years night.

The members of the Disciple Church are to have a Christmas tree on Christmas Eve.

All goods marked down to prices that will surprise you at J. C. James & Son's new furniture store.

Mr. Robert Rogers, of Batavia, has been visiting with friends in this village during the past week.

The modes of transit have been about equally divided between the sleighs and wagons during the past week.

Messrs James & Son have been moving their furniture into their new store on Main St. during the past few days.

The ANTIOCH NEWS and the Chicago weekly *Inter Ocean* or *Journal* to new subscribers, one year for \$1.80.

Mr. H. B. Pierce, of Oak Park, was in our village on Saturday last and says that he is building up quite a large milk route in the Park.

We omitted to state in our last weeks issue that Mr. J. Elsbury started for England on the 11 inst. to be gone three or four months. The NEWS wishes him a pleasant visit and a safe return.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ferris will occupy the old Simons farm the coming season. We are glad to learn that the young couple has decided to remain in our midst, and join with their large circle of friends in wishing them an abundance of happiness.

M. F. Walsh closed volume three of his excellent paper the *Harvard Herald*, last week and announces that in future the paper will be politically Republican. There are but few, if any, publishers who run a paper for their health and M. F. is no exception to the rule.

In one week more that venerable old codger, Santa Claus, will be sliding gracefully down upon his children with a soot stained countenance and a pack of presents that are, to use the words of a certain philosopher, "not useful, slightly ornamental, and almighty expensive."

PHOTOGRAPHS,
FIRST-CLASS CABINETS
\$2. PER DOZEN.
BY NEW PROCESS. CALL ON
HATCH & WHITE,
ANTIOCH, ILL.
OPEN SATURDAYS.

Attend the play at Rogers hall to-morrow (Friday) evening.

The youngsters have had a fine run of skating during the past few days.

Mr. Fred Battershall, of Gray's Lake, was in our village on Monday last.

The Merchants Ice Co. employed a night watchman a few nights recently, at their building on Cross Lake.

Those new curtains in the Lodge room look very nice. Wonder if there are any more just like them in town.

Comforters, pillows, mattresses, springs, in short every thing you want in the furniture line, at J. C. James & Son's.

Notice the change in Williams Bros "ad." They are offering big bargains in Holiday goods and give their customers full value for their money at all times.

Proprietor Rogers is preparing to give our young people a treat in the shape of a Grand New Years ball. That prime favorite, the Waukechu Orchestra, will furnish the music.

After a labored existence of some seven months the *Daily Gazette* of Kenosha suspended publication owing to the lack of sufficient patronage. Kenosha is rather too slow going to properly support such an enterprise as a daily, and the brilliant effort made by the publishers of the *Daily Gazette*, Messrs Rudolph & Boissard is conclusive evidence that the fault was not in the daily, but in the slow going unappreciative town.

The truth of the old saying that what's everybody's business is nobody's business has been fully exemplified in this village during the past week. In front of this office and the adjoining property is a piece of sidewalk that it seems like tempting fate to walk upon, every time the snow thaws and freezes up again. Only a few days ago Mr. Barnett, a very old and feeble resident of our village, fell on the piece of walk in question and was picked up unconscious. Again but a short while after, another of our citizens came to grief at the same place. Although he had not the slightest intention to do so, he sat down upon the sidewalk with tremendous force, and thinks that, had the town been incorporated, he would have "sat down" upon the authorities ere this with even more force. Now to settle all doubts we will say that it is in incumbent upon the parties, in front of whose property the walk is located, to see that the evil is remedied, and the sooner this is done the better.

The lakes of this vicinity are frozen over and the ice men are beginning to look hopeful.

Our young folks are afforded a chance to celebrate both Christmas and New Years by a dance.

A jolly vender of notions did a land office business in one of our stores for several days, during the past week.

The ice company at Loon lake commenced work opening up a channel on Monday last. They will start filling their house as soon as the ice gets a little thicker.

There will be a grand Christmas ball at Battershall's hall, at Grays Lake on Thursday evening Dec. 25. Music by Smith's Quintette Orchestra, of McHenry. Tickets including supper \$1.50.

Our furniture dealers are laying in a fine stock of furniture for the holiday trade. Both firms now have on hand a stock that you would hardly expect to find in a place twice the size of this village.

On Monday last occurred the death of the seven months old child of Mr. and Mrs. McGreal of Bristol, from a spinal trouble. The sorrowing parents have the sympathy of their many friends and neighbors in this their hour of trouble.

We have moved our stock of furniture into better quarters and now will give you prices in all kinds of furniture and undertaking that will surprise you. We have a large line of fancy chairs, lamps, bed room suits &c. Call and see us.

J. C. James & Son.

We would ask it as a special favor of our correspondents that they send in their items one day earlier than usual next week. The NEWS force want to "celebrate" Christmas and in order to do so we will have to go to press one day earlier.

The Wisconsin Central line will sell tickets Dec. 24th, 25th and 31st 1890 and January 1st 1891 to any point on the Wisconsin Cent. within 200 miles at rate of one and one third fare for the round trip. Tickets good for return passage to January 5th 1891 inclusive.

We learn from one of our "exchanges" that the Chic Perkins Comedy Co. ran aground at Mauk-wanago recently. The company filled a week's engagement at this place some time ago and was quite highly spoken of. Small houses and excessively high living expenses caused them to come to grief at the above place.

We don't know why it is, but we always did like pumpkin pie. Although we never spent over a million dollars advertising the fact, our friends have in some way or other discovered it to be so and last week one of our readers, Mrs. C. B. Little, presented us with a genuine old fashioned pumpkin pie, that was fit for any king to dine on. We extend her many thanks.

When you are preparing to enjoy your Christmas turkey pause and see if you cannot think of some one less fortunate than yourself, who, perhaps, may not have a turkey to eat and maybe very little of anything else. If you can think of such a person you can no doubt make his or her heart happy by a gift from your bounteous stores. To be truly happy ourselves we must do good to others.

The Kenosha *Telegraph-Courier* has moved into its new office which has been fitted up in modern style with two cylinder and two job presses. Bro. Cass says he is on the ground floor and proposes to do business on that basis. We sincerely hope he has not "struck the ground" but that he may keep daily adding to his business and his store of worldly wealth.

For rattan, carpet, patent rockers call at J. C. James & Son.

Mr. Wm. Hodge has purchased Robert Grice's house. Consideration \$1,000.

Mr. C. B. Harrison & Son have been putting up a building for their engine during the past week. We understand that they will fit up a feed mill in the same building and grind feed during the winter.

The Des Plaines Dramatic Company will present the sparkling drama "Border Land" at Rogers hall the coming Friday evening, Dec. 19. The play is both interesting and instructive and considering the small fee charged you should not fail to see it. Price of admission: adults 25 cents, children 15 cents.

The oyster supper that was held at A. D. Webb's was more than a success both socially and financially and we as Church going people and neighbors join in returning thanks to A. D. Webb and family for their kindness in donating their house and barn and their ability and aid in a general way. By order of the Aid Society. B. W. Ames, Clerk.

Wisconsin Central Time Table.
Trains arrive at and depart from Trevor, as follows:

NORTH.	SOUTH.
No. 1, 12:45 a. m.	No. 2, 4:52 a. m.
No. 3, 10:30 p. m.	No. 4, 11:55 a. m.
No. 5, 3:14 p. m.	No. 6, 8:47 p. m.
No. 7, 9:44 a. m.	No. 8, 7:55 a. m.
No. 9, 7:20 p. m.	No. 10, 7:28 a. m.

* Trains stop on signal only.
† Trains do not stop for passengers.
Train No. 1, makes regular stops, for passengers to get off at Trevor Saturday nights. Through tickets furnished at lowest rates. For further information enquire of Agent.
GEORGE SHAFER, Agent.

TREVOR, WIS.

Will Evans is able to be out again; his arm is nearly healed and he will soon be ready for some kind of business by which he can make a living.

Some one the other day, while our blacksmith was at dinner, undertook to make a manure hook out of a four tined fork but unluckily burned all the tines off and left them on the floor.

The Stock Yards at Trevor are more than full of sheep and more coming. Rey Bros. have the finest band of sheep ever received here and they ought to bring the highest price in the market.

The weather is, or has been the most beautiful ever experienced in this part of Wisconsin, but the farmers are complaining to the want of water which has never been known to be so scarce at this time of year before. The roads are fine and business good.

All who are lovers of the beautiful and magnificent in the fruit line should not fail to visit the Rialto Building where the Southern Fruit Company has on exhibition all kinds of fruits and cereals. The exhibit is free to all who may wish to see it, and is under the management of Ben C. Furman who has for an assistant manager Geo. N. Norton. The exhibit will be open until 1893.

The grand opening of the Wisconsin Central & Northern Pacific Railroad Depot in Chicago on Monday Dec. 8th was one of the largest gatherings of the kind ever held in Chicago. The immense building was filled to overflowing from 8 P. M. until 10 o'clock and a steady stream of people were coming and going all the time. The 2nd Regiment Band discoursed the finest music for the occasion and it was the universal remark that the depot was one of the finest in the world. Every one was surprised at the elaborate fixtures in all the departments. The ladies waiting room is immense and is as gorgeously furnished as any in the world. The company may well be proud of its magnificent depot.

AN APPEAL.
Bind yourself down with the chains of thought.
Open your eyes, ere the wreck has been wrought,
Beware! 'Tis a strange Inquisition.
Be the waves fierce, then be it your care,
There yet may come sorrows; more troubles to bear.
Night with its sad invocation ever brings doubt.
Wake trembling heart, chase the madness of drink,
Clinging like a reptile around you.
Shake off the creeping stupor ere it be too late,
Making life a hell, turning love to hate,
Bringing up phantoms of sadness.
Yield up some thoughts of affection for them
Who cling to you faithful, forgetting the woes
Of neglect and more sad indiscretions.
Make the upturned face of the babe unconscious
Of the claim its life to yours must hold.
Come what may, can you still cry out
Answer, ye winds, why this curse should follow evil minds.
Close then your eyes, let your mind see
A wife broken hearted, a babe on her knee,
Who smiles at the tears that are falling like rain,
Which she struggles to hide, but they will fall again.
Dell Flint.

GRASS LAKE.

Fred Loof made a trip to McHenry and Chicago during the past week.

The owners of the Trieger property are enclosing it with a woven wire fence.

Miss Nettie Selter has been visiting with her sister, Mrs. Ed. Lux of Wadsworth during the past two weeks.

Mrs. Delaney returned to the city Tuesday, after a few weeks visit with her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Paddock.

Mrs. Geo. Huber is very sick. She is now at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Herman. Dr. Karr of Antioch is attending her.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Little took a trip to Waukegan and from there to Evanston during the past week. They visited with conductor Geo. Yager two days while in Evanston and enjoyed their trip very much.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Soule have returned to Sioux Falls after a few weeks visit here. Mr. Soule made a good thing on his farm, the old Morley place. The farm cost him \$4,500 and he received \$11,000 and 320 acres of land, in Dakota, for it.

WILMOT JOTTINGS.

Mr. Sill has returned from a week's visit at Antioch.

The work on our new bridge is progressing finely.

Mr. Tom Hodge of this place is nursing a sore hand.

Mr. Lampe spent last week at Poplar Grove tuning and repairing.

Mrs. Lampe and daughter have returned after a weeks visit in Chicago.

Mrs. Dugan, an aged and respected lady of Silver Lake, died at her home Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lamb of Camp Lake attended services at the Catholic Church Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. O'Maley contemplate a visit to Chicago soon. While there Mrs. O'Maley intends to study the fashions, in order to be prepared to satisfy her many customers in the dress making line.

POTATOS FOR SALE.

I have a quantity of eating potatoes for sale at 50 cents per bushel. T. C. Udell, Antioch, Ill.

Death of Mrs. Wm. McGavic.
On Saturday last occurred the death of Mrs. William McGavic, of Pikeville, after a brief illness of but two weeks. A loving husband and an infant child, but two weeks of age, and many friends and relatives remain to mourn her loss. The many friends of the family in this locality extend to the bereaved husband and relatives their heartfelt sympathy.

TEACHERS MEETING.

The Northern section of Lake County Teachers will meet at the school house in Antioch, Saturday Dec. 20th. A full attendance is desired. Homer Jamison Sec. E. C. Sablin Pres.

LANCASTERVILLE.

Lancasterville boasts of shipping its share of milk to the city.

All we need here now is a branch of the ANTIOCH NEWS and some day we will have it.

A week ago Thursday night several places were burglarized among other things a fine fur robe was stolen from John Lancaster. The premises of those suspected were searched but none of the missing articles were found. People should be on the "look out" for any one attempting to pawn such articles as were stolen. There are too many idle people around the country who have no visible means of support. Our honest opinion is that every time a housewife or any one else feeds an able bodied tramp, she or they are encouraging just such misdemeanors as occurred Thursday night, and are committing an unpardonable injustice.

FOR SALE.

I have for sale a few more, choice full blood White Leghorn Roosters. This breed is noted for their beauty and laying qualities. For prices etc. enquire of C. B. Gaines, Bristol, Wis.

Spend the Holidays with your Friends.

On December 24th, 25th and 31st 1890, and January 1st 1891 the Wisconsin Central Lines will sell Round Trip excursion tickets to all points on its lines within a radius of 200 miles, at rate of one and one third fare. Tickets will be good for return passage until January 5th inclusive. For tickets and other information apply to agents of the line.

Is Good Hair Your Pride?

The undersigned having tried every known remedy to procure a good head of hair has at last found a simple recipe whereby he has obtained a luxuriant growth of hair, and will send treatment and recipe of same to any address upon receipt of 50c in currency. It is highly endorsed and positively guaranteed to do all that is claimed for it. Or it will raise a beard as well. Address H. B. Lyons, Milford, Koscusko Co., Ind. (Cut this out and tell where you saw ad.)

BLACKSMITH WANTED.

Single Man Preferred.
WANTED a good horse-shoer for country work, as assistant in shop. None but a steady sober man need apply. To the right party a good steady position may be had by applying to J. E. Didam, Antioch, Lake Co., Ills.

NOTICE.

I am prepared to butcher cattle in good shape at 50 cents per head. Apply to A. Egan, Butcher, Antioch, Illinois.

NOTICE!

Watch!

All that are lovers of good and reliable time keepers, watches and clocks, can buy of me for spot cash, at wholesale prices. All I ask is 6 per-cent. over wholesale list price. You will get from 40 to 50 per-cent discount, which will reduce your time pieces from \$20 to \$10. Please call and I will show you the net price. T. C. Richardson, Antioch, Ill.

FOR RENT:

A good store with dwelling rooms overhead. For particulars call on or address: H. Thacker, Lake Villa, Ill.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Latest Intelligence From All Parts of the World.

There was a bad freight wreck on the Erie and Pittsburgh road near Erie, Pa., blocking travel for twelve hours. Engineer William O'Brien and fireman J. Gleason were slightly injured, and Sherman Wade, a brakeman, was so badly crippled that he will die.

The daughter of Mrs. Sarah Cochran, of Cherry Bend, near Wilmington, O., was shot three times by Sherman McFallon, who was living at the house under the assumed name of Johnson. McFallon then committed suicide.

The bodies of Joseph Marshall, his son Charles and Herbert Cooner, of Harbor Spring, Mich., were washed ashore about seven miles north of that village. They were returning from a fishing cruise and the supposition is that their boat was wrecked in the storm.

About 1,000 tons of hay on Fisher's ranch, near Denver, Col., was set on fire and totally destroyed. A man named Baker was suspected of the deed, and his body was found hanging by a rope beneath a bridge near Argo. He was evidently quietly but effectively lynched.

A turkey shoot two miles west of Keytesville, Mo., broke up in a riot and Joseph Brown, a boy eighteen years of age, was killed. Besides the death of Brown five young men were wounded, two of them seriously. Joseph and John Herriman were arrested.

A collision between freight trains on the Cincinnati Southern railway occurred at Elko Station, south of Somerset, Ky. Brakeman J. G. Stephens was killed and Engineer Hall is thought to be fatally injured. The accident was caused by the lady operator at Pine Knot not giving proper orders.

A granary, holding 15,000 bushels of grain, besides lots of machinery and shoes, was burned to the ground near Pipestone, Minn. The total loss is estimated at about \$20,000.

W. J. LeRoy, a freight conductor on the Louisville & Nashville railroad, was arrested in Louisville. He is alleged to be the first of wholesale prosecutions to begin at once against trainmen on the road. They are accused of robbing freight cars, and it is even charged that wrecks have been arranged in advance to cover evidence of wholesale thefts.

James Lane was deliberately shot and killed at his door at Salem, Mass. Charles Chitt and Michael Callahan are the persons implicated, but the shooting is believed to have been done by Callahan.

The failure of the Farmers' Bank at Fontainebleau, La., caused great excitement, many merchants and farmers being depositors. Reported liabilities \$93,600; reported assets, \$25,000.

Mrs. E. M. McCollin, wife of a bank cashier, committed suicide at Lima, O., by taking a dose of poison. Cause is unknown.

At Kanapolis, Kan., the Royal Salt Company has struck salt in its shaft at a depth of 60 feet. The vein is 20 feet thick.

E. D. Teale, charged with embezzlement at Jackson, Mich., has been arrested in Southern Ohio.

Jack Bridges and Burk Robinson were killed by Apaches in the Guadalupe Mountains, N. M.

Joseph Bean and Josephine Marion were indicted for the murder of the latter's husband, near Charleston, Ia.

More than 12,000 cases of cholera are reported from Guatemala, and 1,200 deaths occurred in the City of Guatemala in seven weeks.

Mike Flynn threw himself in front of a grip-car in Chicago, evidently with suicide intent. He was shoved along under the front end of the grip-car for several feet and picked up unconsciously. He was conveyed to the county hospital. He had sustained serious internal injuries.

The boiler of a small sawmill at Tibbetts siding, between Woodville and White Cloud, Mich., exploded. The engineer and two others were instantly killed and two more were probably fatally wounded.

Mrs. Louis Holmgren left her home, a farmhouse just east of Saginaw, Mich., to go to a neighbor's leaving her two sons, aged 3 and 1 respectively, alone. During her absence the house caught fire and was destroyed and the children perished in the flames.

Two freight trains on the Union Pacific collided near Cozette Station, Wash. Brakeman James was killed and Engineer Nichols and Fireman Giese were seriously injured. Both engines were completely telescoped and the track torn up for nearly a mile.

The body of an unknown man, who killed himself with rat poison and was found dead in his room in Chicago, was taken to a morgue.

John C. Oston was accidentally killed while hunting rabbits near Whiteita, Kan.

The porcelain factory at Camellow, Poland, was destroyed by fire. Eight of the employees in the factory lost their lives in the burning building.

Z. Toney of Carbon Hill, O., colored, stabbed his mother six times while drunk. She cannot survive.

Katie Green, 17 years old and of exemplary character, committed suicide at Des Moines, Ia., by taking strychnine. Some mystery is connected with the case.

At St. Paul, Charles Price, who murdered John McAllister with a coupling-pin at Castle, Minn., July 27, pleaded guilty to murder in the second degree and was sentenced to Stillwater State prison for life.

William Murray's barn at Lima, O., was totally destroyed by an incendiary fire. Seven valuable horses were consumed, besides buggies, etc.

Six business houses at Nocona, Tex., and almost their entire stocks were burned. The loss is about \$75,000; insurance \$23,000. Several other houses were damaged.

There are one or two men traveling through South Dakota selling overgrown trees, for which some victims agreed to pay \$10 per 1,000, and the note turned up in the bank to be a \$100 note.

Louis Scott, at Kalamazoo, Mich., shot his wife and then killed himself. Mrs. Scott may recover.

In the Dr. Gibbs shooting case at Kalamazoo, Mich., the defense declared that the doctor had placed a chemical on the door-knob of McLehner's room in order to see if his wife entered, and that next morning he found the chemical status on his wife's hand.

Charles Puger of Sioux City, Ia., committed suicide by hanging.

Charles Davis fell on a buzz-saw at Le Roy, Ia., and was fatally injured.

John L. M. Fry, the Farmers' candidate, was chosen to succeed Wade Hampton as United States senator from South Carolina, by the following vote: Fry, 103; Donaldson, 10; Hampton, 42.

Dan Williams, an old negro living eight miles from Quincy, Ill., was lynched by negroes. The houses of several negroes have recently been burned, and it is thought he was the guilty party.

Arthur C. Caldwell, a student in the Baltimore Dental College, killed himself by taking poison.

The body of Howard S. Thompson was fished out of the river in Chicago. It was rumored to be the body of H. B. Campbell, the missing millionaire. It proved, however, that the man had jumped off the bridge about an hour before.

Some of Dr. Koch's pupils, for the cure of consumption, reached Washington from Berlin, Germany. Dr. Magruder inoculated several patients at Garfield Memorial Hospital.

A fellow called Jack the Pincher, who terrified the women in Dubuque, Ia., some two years ago, has resumed operations. His plan of operation is to run up to lone females at night and pinch them viciously on the arms and legs.

The will of the late Horace J. Kelley, of Cleveland, O., was probated. The will sets aside property to the value of \$30,000 for the establishment of a National art gallery in Cleveland.

Henry Lehmann, a cigar-maker, killed himself at his home in Chicago. He was despondent from drink.

John Hekey, a packing-house employee, was killed by a Lake Shore train in Chicago.

By the falling of a scaffold at New Du-luth four workmen (carpenters) were precipitated a distance of thirty feet and all seriously injured. Thomas Merrie of Cleveland, Minn., cannot recover.

Patrick Ryan, of St. Paul, shot his wife and then gave himself up. His wife had commenced divorce proceedings against him.

T. S. Thompson of Mason City, Ia., was killed in a railway wreck at Kingsman, Arl.

Day, who pushed his wife over Niagara Falls, will be hanged in Ottawa Dec. 18.

Henry Villard was in Minneapolis and St. Paul looking after his property. He said he did not think the Wall street panic was near by.

The miners in the Collins coal mine at Kalo, Ia., have quit work, declaring that the place is haunted.

A cyclone in Walton County, Georgia, blew down several houses and killed four persons.

Joseph Brown and his step-daughter were murdered near Dougherty, I. T. Some unknown persons called him to the door and fired upon him with Winchester. One ball struck him in the heart, passed through his body, and struck his step-daughter in the head, killing both instantly.

Hog cholera is playing havoc in the vicinity of New Providence, Ia., some farmers losing as many as 200 from the disease.

A Missouri, Kansas and Texas train was derailed near Denison, Tex. Several passengers were slightly injured.

One white man was killed and another wounded in a battle between the races near Birmingham, Ala.

At Lyndonville, Vt., the mercury was 30 below zero.

Joseph A. Keck, sheriff of Logan county, W. Va., is in the hands of the police authorities, having become insane. He imagines he is a goose.

While James Jensen, a farmer, of Concordia, Kan., was driving across Wolf Creek his team took fright. He was thrown from the wagon and his neck broken.

Benjamin Young, a citizen of Lincoln County, Ky., committed suicide by disemboweling himself with a razor.

James Batley, a miner, of Compton, Ala., attempted to whip his wife. She pulled a pistol and shot him through the heart.

The Spanish expedition against the rebels in the Caroline Islands took the fortified position of Taitan. During the attack one Spanish officer and twenty-five soldiers were killed and four officers and forty-seven wounded. The natives had two guns. The Spaniards burned many villages.

W. F. Summerville, of Fort Worth, Tex., was fatally hurt by falling thirty-five feet from the platform of a wind-mill.

W. L. Black, of Grand Rapids, Mich., fell on the slippery sidewalk, his head striking the curbstone, causing a fatal wound.

Bernard Donnelly, a rich Kansas City real estate man, accidentally shot himself, the wound being probably fatal.

The son of Dr. Perkins, of Grove Springs, Mo., aged 7, accidentally shot and killed his little sister.

A passenger train collided with a freight near Findlay, O. Many cars were smashed, but no one was injured.

John Deegan, employed on the dome of the capitol at Topeka, Kan., was killed by a fearful fall of 150 feet.

A child of Ed Farris, of Port William, Kan., was burned to death in his father's home.

Three persons were instantly killed at a State University station of the great Northern road, Minn. They were boarding the train when they were run down by an Omaha train. The victims were E. T. Todd and wife, of Sioux City, Ia., and their daughter, Mrs. Slayton.

The grocery and importing house of John H. Carleton, at Denver, Col., was closed on attachments. The liabilities are \$24,000; assets unknown.

Mrs. Dr. Smith, 70 years of age, was killed by the cars at Itasca, Ill.

At St. Cloud, Minn., the jury in the case of Peter Orth against the Great Northern Railway, returned a verdict for \$15,000 for the plaintiff.

The factory of the Burlington, Ia., Bookcase company was gutted by fire.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.

FOUR PERSONS KILLED AND TWO INJURED BY A TRAIN.

Fatal Accident in a College—A Small Congregation in Missouri—Other Telegrams.

Railway Casualties.

A shocking accident occurred at Bristol, Pa., by which four persons were killed, one fatally wounded, and one seriously hurt. It was caused by the safety gates at a railroad crossing being raised just before the New York west-bound express was due.

A number of persons had been waiting for a freight train to pass, and as soon as the gates were raised they started to cross. A steam locomotive, started across with his wagon, in which were his 13-year-old son, Neal Melvaine; Joseph Husey, about the same age; Hugh Devere, a storekeeper, and John McGee, about 15 years old.

The express train, which was running at full speed, struck the wagon, instantly killing Neal Melvaine, Joseph Husey, and Devere. John Melvaine had his shoulder and leg broken, ribs crushed, and was otherwise internally injured. He is not expected to live. Two boys were struck with such force that they were thrown into the canal.

Joseph Johnson, who was crossing the track on foot, was also struck by the engine and instantly killed. John McGee, who was also in the wagon, was badly injured. The gatekeeper claims that the clatter of the freight-train passing drowned the noise of the bells so that it could not be heard.

At Mapleton, O., misplaced switches on the Toledo, Peoria and Western road caused a bad wreck. A freight-train dashed into the open switch and the engine and five cars piled up in the ditch. It is reported that the engineer and one brakeman are in the wreck.

The Redskin Route.

There has been an encounter four miles north of Pine Ridge Agency, N. D., between the United States troops and some four or five hundred Indians under Kicking Bear, and a number have been killed on both sides; the Indians have been put to rout and a large number captured, including Kicking Bear.

A courier from the mouth of French Creek says that the latest authentic reports from Capt. Wells are that a large party of Indians attacked eighteen men four miles below the creek. Several were wounded, and it is thought four Indians were killed. An immediate engagement is expected with the hostiles near Battle Creek.

Reports of the fight between the Indians in the Bad Lands are confirmed. Two strikes and a party were victorious and left the Bad Lands for Pine Ridge Agency, camping on White Earth River. The chief sent to Gen. Brooke asking for help to clean out Short Bull and his warriors. The General called in American Horse, Big Road, and other chiefs, and set them at work recruiting fighters. Fully three hundred warriors left the agency on the way to bring in all who remained in the Bad Lands. Many of them will simply in the flight of Short Bull and his party.

It is thought that the Indians are well equipped with modern arms, and that they are well supplied with food. The Indians are well equipped with modern arms, and that they are well supplied with food.

At a birthday celebration in Buchtel College, Akron, O., thirty lady students were gathered in the society's library building. They were entertained by eight who wore masks and loose, flowing garments, with high hats, also covered with cotton.

The hat of Miss Aurelia Steigler, of Ulica, N. Y., caught fire and communicated it to the entire party.

Miss Mary Stevens of Clifton Springs, N. Y., had every particle of clothing burned from her body, and rolled over and over in the center of the room, where a little group tried to extinguish the flames.

Both have died. Two holes were burned in the floor, but the fire was extinguished. The other injured are: Miss Mary Baker of Fort Plain, N. Y., neck, face, and chest charred to a cinder; Aurelia Warwick, Storm Lake, Ia., severely burned; Diana Haynes, Abeline, Kan.; Myrtle Baker, Peru, O.; Eva Dean, Storm Lake, Ia.; Addie Buchtel, Columbia, Kan.; Estella Mason, Magadore, O.; Doris Merrill, Williamsport, Pa.

The dormitories of the college were turned into hospitals and a corps of physicians called, but it is feared the two last-named ladies cannot live.

The college halls were filled with the odor of burning flesh, and many young ladies fainted as they went about doing relief work.

New Bills Before Congress.

The following are among the new bills introduced in the House:

By Mr. Taylor, of Ohio—Authorizing the Secretary of War to grant permission to lay out, build, and operate a canal, or other waterway, or electric line, or other navigable stream, provided they do not interfere with navigation.

By Mr. Lee—to incorporate the National Conservatory of Music of America. (A like bill was introduced in the senate.)

By Mr. Chittenden—to provide for a rebate of 2 cents per pound on all original and unbroken factory packages of smoking and manufactured tobacco and snuff held by manufacturers or dealers on Oct. 6, 1900.

By Mr. Taylor—to appropriate \$1,000,000 for a new post-office and government building, combined, in Chicago.

Shot While Making an Arrest.

W. B. Curt, who was whipped by personal enemies near Brandenburg, Ky., is still hardly able to get out. When Constable Massey with the warrant called upon Thomas Burgess to answer the charge of beating Curt, Burgess took a shotgun and fired through the door. None of the shot took effect. Then he went to the window and fired the other barrel. A charge entered the bowels of John Foote and he fell to the ground dead. Burgess escaped.

She Made a Gambler Disgrace.

The gambling-house of Charles Voss, at Wichita, Kan., was invaded by Mrs. Oscar Dacey, whose husband lost \$500 there. She demanded the money back. Voss said he would put her out, and started towards her. She fired at his head, robbing his scalp of a few long locks of hair. He fell to the floor and insisted by his yell that he had been murdered, but she coolly told him he had not brought blood but would if he did not get the money. He returned the money.

The Phoenix Hotel at Holland, Mich., a large three-story frame, was badly damaged by fire.

The Redskins.

In a drunken brawl at Amargo, N. M., a cowboy killed a Jicarillo Apache Indian. In an instant about three hundred Apaches swarmed in from the reservation and demanded the surrender of the cowboy. Indian Agent Bartholomew finally restored quiet and the murderer is now safely in jail.

The Utes have commenced digging the troops at Fort Duchesne. The officers are of the opinion that by spring the mestral craze will have died out.

Extra rations were issued again at Pine Ridge Agency, S. D. No official news has been received from the Indians, but it is rumored they are quarrelling among themselves.

One hundred guns and 5,000 rounds of ammunition arrived at Chamberlain, S. D., to be ready for an Indian outbreak.

The commission to obtain from the Crows a part of their reservation in Southern Montana made a treaty. By it the Indians give 1,500,000 acres west of Pryor Creek for \$918,000. This is about one-third of the reservation. It is expected that the ceded portion will be thrown open to settlers in April next. The land is open to settlement.

Most of the hills contain minerals. Most of the remainder is tableland, excellent for grazing purposes. The greater portion is already surveyed. People who had been in that country say the southern portion is full of rich minerals; copper veins and coal having already been found.

Governor Steele, of Oklahoma, presented to the legislature the petition of the people of Price from protection from the Cheyenne Indians, who are dancing near that town.

A band of seventeen Indians from Randall, S. D., who have been troublesome in the recent agitation, were taken under guard to Fort Snelling, Minn.

Troops to Death.

News reached this country through a private channel of the loss of the British, steamship Westburne in the Black sea. Of the vessel's crew of twenty-five four are all that survive, and these are miserable wrecks of humanity, lying prostrated by suffering in an Odessa hospital. The Westburne left Theodosia, southeast of Crimea, Nov. 24, bound to Dunkirk, and thence to Philadelphia.

The evening of its departure a gale peculiar to the Black sea arose. The men were frozen to death in a life-like posture at the wheel or wherever their duty called them. Every sea that swept over the vessel froze to it, making it sluggish and so heavy that it refused to ride the waves. When water came to the hold it was so solid as to be as hard as iron.

The cargo began to swell, and burst open the decks and aft as though powder had exploded in its interior.

About midnight, although only a few hours out of port, the vessel began to go down. Already the corpses of a number of the seamen were visible about the deck, standing up against the hand-rails just as though they had fallen full grown. They were frozen as hard as iron.

With the crew that still held fast to their lives Capt. Benington put out with a boat. The men died off one by one until, on reaching Theodosia, the number was reduced to eight. Subsequently four more died, leaving but four survivors.

Murder and Suicide.

S. I. Sage, a merchant of Wellington, O., was shot through the heart and killed by David Hoke, the murderer blowing out his own brains a moment later. Hoke was sixty-five years of age, was formerly a carriage builder and had accumulated considerable property. For a year or two he has operated a delivery system for the merchants of the town and sometimes assisted Sage in his store, to which Hoke had a key, occasionally opening the store when the proprietor was late in the morning. For some time Sage had mislaid goods, and finally suspected Hoke. He set a watch and obtained evidence which satisfied him that Hoke was delivering goods to a married woman, without charging or paying for them. Hoke was charged with this and finally confessed, agreeing to settle the matter. The settlement was made and Hoke was to pay the money with the understanding that the matter was to be hushed up. It leaked out, however, and hearing thereof Hoke became desperate. He gave his wife the combination to his safe, took his revolver, practiced with it for a while, and then went to Sage's store. After some angry words he shot the merchant, and then, going into a back room, killed himself.

Carried Home a Corpse.

Miss Lillian Borden, a handsome young woman, twenty-one years of age, died at Canton, O., under mysterious circumstances. Her death was kept quiet, and a rig was secured by Dr. D. P. Maxwell and Detective Isaac Walkup, who drove the girl to her home near Sandyville, Tinecraas County. A telegram had been sent in advance, saying she had been hurt in a runaway and was being brought home. When they arrived the woman, known as Anna, a wealthy farmer's wife, told his daughter had died on the way. At the post-mortem it was shown she had not met with an accident but had died from the effects of a criminal operation. Dr. Maxwell and Charles W. Schott, who had been keeping company with her, were arrested and held for trial. Detective Walkup has left for parts unknown. Both Dr. Maxwell and Schott have confessed everything, admitting the operation was performed, and claiming it was done at the solicitation of the girl and her mother. The girl had been dead several hours before they started on the midnight trip.

Said He Would Be Killed When Fat.

Radford Chapman, a colored man who was being treated at the Baltimore University Hospital for a lacerated hand, has become insane from fright. The students have poked fun at him and confidentially informed him that Dr. Hunter, the physician in charge, would cut him up as soon as he was fat enough to keep up the joke they usually felt him to see whether he was getting fatter.

Finally the dandy became alarmed for his safety and dashed out of the hospital to the residence of a lady on the opposite side and insisted that she should spare him. Word was sent to Dr. Hunter, who succeeded in inducing the man to return. But the insanity had been done, for the man was already crazy. Early next morning the doctor visited his patient, who lay wide awake. Chapman took it for granted that he was to be cut up, and with a yell made for the window. After a desperate struggle the doctor prevented him from leaping out.

Great Alarm in Oklahoma.

An excited and dusty courier dashed frantically up to the house of Capt. Steel at Chickasaw City, D. T., and reported that 1,000 Indians of the Sac and Foxes, the Pawnee, the Creeks, and Pawnees, had gone into camp three miles east of Chickasaw City. The citizens of that village are flocking to Oklahoma City half scared to death and are asking protection of the troops. Capt. Steel is excited over the matter and has telegraphed to the War Department for instructions.

Mrs. Frank Neely fell dead on the street at Waterloo, N. Y.

A FIERCE ENCOUNTER.

A FIGHT ON A RAILROAD TRACK THAT NEARLY COST TWO LIVES.

Did She Jump Overboard?—Shot at His Own Door—Telegrams from All Points.

Struggled With a Lady.

James M. Callahan, switchman at Woburn, Mass., was informed that a drunken woman was on the tracks, and as the night express was due he hastened to remove her. The woman, however, said she would kill any person who interfered with her.

Callahan grabbed her, but she drew a revolver from her breast and fired point blank at his head. Callahan is an accomplished athlete and his science probably saved his life. As the woman pressed the muzzle of the weapon against him he wrenched her across his hip and away from him so that the bullet flew wide of its mark. The woman clung to him then and the two rolled between the tracks. The locomotive of the oncoming train rushed up a grade near them, it seeming to her purpose to hold Callahan to his death.

The woman got her feet again, however, and Callahan continued his struggle. The revolver, which had been lost during the struggle, was again in the infuriated woman's hand. She cocked it and leveled it at her adversary's head and snapped it. The cartridge failed to explode, and before Callahan could seize her arm a second shot was fired, the bullet passing through Callahan's coat. The frenzied woman's finger was caught upon the trigger, when the switchman obtained possession of the weapon and avoided the crawling express. With the assistance of the watchman the woman was forced into the crossing-tender's shanty and handcuffed, but not till she had overturned a stove and splintered a door.

The light revealed the woman to be Hannah Dillon, an exceedingly handsome woman of 25 years and in early days a schoolmate with Callahan. She thought Callahan was an officer who was about to arrest her and it rendered her desperate.

Jumped Overboard at Sea.

Mrs. Ida Oelwing, an attractive and accomplished lady, 28 years old, was a passenger on the steamer Trave, which left Bremen Dec. 3 for New York. The evening of Dec. 5 she was in the cabin when a concert was in progress in the hall. The opinion is made for her without avail. The opinion is made for her without avail.

One of the officers remembered that he saw Mrs. Oelwing on deck about 9 o'clock. He went forward just after that and a moment later a big wave struck the vessel, washing its decks. Mrs. Oelwing was not seen afterward. The decks were very slippery and some think she was washed overboard. She had made many friends on board by her light-hearted, vivacious manner.

A Fatal Fire.

Fire broke out in the store of M. P. Smith on the public square in Kirksville, Mo., and before the firemen could do anything the flames had leaped across the street to the Masonic Temple, the lower floor of which was occupied by the hotel and counting room. The fire then spread to a vacant building adjoining and to the store of William Hart. All these houses were completely destroyed, but the contents, with the exception of the stock of M. P. Smith were saved. The wall of a building adjoining a store fell on the roof of the latter, burying in the debris several persons who were attempting to escape from the flames. Volney Sweet was killed.

The injured are: H. M. Sheeps, slightly; Mrs. Rose Bunker, severe internal injuries and scalp torn; will probably die; — Price, seriously but not fatally hurt; Fred Sweet, severe injuries; William Hart, leg crushed to a jelly. It is feared more are buried beneath the ruins.

Shot at His Own Door.

Henry Hartman, a saloonkeeper in St. Louis, was shot and killed. He was standing on a rear porch of his house at 3 o'clock in the morning. Two shots were fired, both of which took effect. The crime is enshrouded in mystery. A few hours after the tragedy the police arrested Hartman's two sons, Joseph and Henry, Jr., aged seventeen and fifteen years respectively. Later John Brenner was arrested and a revolver found in his possession. Hartman had been living very unhappily with his family, and his sudden taking-off is ascribed to this domestic trouble.

Got a Death Stroke in the Pulpit.

While preaching to a large congregation at the East Millstone Reformed church at New Brunswick, N. J., the pastor, the Rev. Dr. J. P. Strong, said: "A man might fall as easy as a star from heaven." The next instant his face turned ashy pale, he clutched wildly at the pulpit for support, and then dropped on the floor in a fit of apoplexy. The horrified congregation was spellbound for a moment. Then the cooler ones rushed to the prostrate pastor, and raised him from the floor. He was taken home and died next morning. He was 60 years of age.

Hidious Judge Lynch.

There was another lynching at Rosbuck, Miss., as sequel to the Aron murder. One Moses Lemon, colored, became indignant at the lynching of Dennis Martin for the killing of Gus Aron and it was learned that he was circulating among the negroes a story to get up a mob and go to Aron's store, murder the clerks, and fire the building. The people of the neighborhood, both white and black, formed themselves into an organization and swung Lemon from a tree.

The Gun Exploded.

Frederick Haase, 15 years old, died at his home in Elmhurst, Ill., from a gunshot which he received a few days ago. Young Haase got an old musket which had been a family relic since the war with which to go hunting. He took the gun into the barn and began loading it with buckshot. An old persuasion cap was on the tube of the gun, and while the boy was ramming the charge into the barrel the gun exploded, tearing a large hole in the boy's abdomen.

Municipal Election in Boston.

The Democratic tidal wave seems to have extended to municipal affairs and Mr. Nathan Matthews Jr., their nominee, is elected mayor of Boston, Mass. His lead over Moody Merrill, the Republican candidate, is roundly about 12,000. Mayor Hart, the present incumbent, last year received a Republican majority of 8,400. The Democrats, too, have control of the Board of Aldermen and probably the Common Council. The returns compared in size very favorably with those of the state election. Mr. Matthews held Gov.-elect Russell's vote, but Merrill fell far below that of Gov. Braintree.

Liabilities and Assets.

Boston business-men received a surprise in the announcement of the suspension of Whittier, Burdett & Young, extensive wholesale dealers in clothing. The liabilities are estimated at about \$1,000,000, and the assets are matters of conjecture.

G. W. Ingalls & Co., of Boston, shoe dealers, assigned. Liabilities, \$200,000.

Nightingale Bros. & Knight, silk manufacturers of Paterson, N. J., made an assignment. Their liabilities, it is stated, are certainly not less than \$400,000, and their assets, it is believed, amount to only about half that sum.

The failure of Colburn, Chauncey & Co., brokers, of New York, was announced on the stock exchange.

Burchell & Hodges, builders, of New York, have assigned to John J. Burchell. Debts about \$100,000.

Roberts, Cushman & Co., of New York, who failed recently, assure their creditors that the liabilities are between \$100,000 and \$200,000, and that there are enough assets to pay all the creditors outside of the partners' private property.

The American National Bank of Arkansas City, Kas., suspended payment.

A Suicide.

M. Steenbach, a traveling salesman for a firm in Philadelphia,

THE CAMP FIRE.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED READING MATTER FOR VETERANS.

Gen. Garfield Quella a Mob—Old Soldiers
Employed in the Capitol—Other
Items.

An Old War Song.
Oh, bury the brave on the field, where they
fell;
Let them sleep beneath the sod
That drank up their blood in the deadly af-
fray.

When their spirits went home to God,
Let their resting places be where their brave
deeds were done;
With the banner, the banner for their
shroud!

And its stars shall keep watch as they peace-
fully sleep,
Far away from the gathering crowd.

Chorus—Then sleep on and soft be thy re-
pose,
And green be the turf on thy breast,
The glorious stars of our banners shall
watch.

O'er the graves where the heroes rest,
The nameless graves where their ashes
repose.

All unhallowed by tears,
Their laurels are fadeless, they never can
die.

While we measure the fleeting years;
The marble may rise o'er their low,
lonely beds.

There to point out the sacred, sacred spot,
Yet the hearts of the nation their memory
will keep.

Their dead heroes are never forgot.

The sunlight and rain will awaken the
flowers
That in beauty o'er them wave.

The soft wind-ringing breezes a requiem sad,
Murmuring o'er their lonely graves;
But we mourn for them not as all calmly
they sleep.

Far away from the loving household band,
For the brave and the noble die never in
vain.

When they die for their native land.

Gen. Garfield Quella a Mob.

The morning after the assassination
of President Lincoln, a large crowd
gathered in front of the Stock Ex-
change, New York. A number of
prominent men were in the room ad-
joining the balcony. Gen. Brislin
thus describes the scene, taking it up
after the crowd had assembled: "By
this time the wave of popular indig-
nation had swelled to its crest. Two
men lay bleeding on one of the side
streets, the one dead, the other next
to dying, one on the pavement, the
other in the gutter. They had said
but a moment before that Lincoln
ought to have been shot, anyhow,
long before. They were not allowed
to say it again. Soon two long pieces
of scuffling stood out above the heads
of the crowd, like the letter X, and a
looped halter pendant from the junc-
tion, a dozen men following its slow
motion through the masses, while
"vengeance" was the cry. On the
right suddenly the shout rose, "The
World, the World, the office of the
World," and a movement of perhaps
8,000 or 10,000 turning their faces in
the direction of that building, began
to be executed.

"It was a critical moment. What
might come no one could tell, did that
crowd get in front of the office. Police
or military would have availed little
or been too late. A telegram had just
been read from Washington. 'Seward
is dying.' Just at that juncture a
man stepped forward with a small
flag in his hand, and beckoned to the
crowd. 'Another telegram from
Washington.' And then, in the awful
stillness of the crisis, taking advan-
tage of the hesitation of the crowd
whose steps had been arrested for a
moment, a right arm was lifted
skyward and a voice clear and
steady, loud and distinct, spoke out:
"Follow citizens, clouds and dark-
ness are around about him! His pa-
villion is dark waters and thick clouds
of the skies! Justice and judgment
are the establishment of his throne!
Fellow citizens, God reigns, and the
government at Washington still lives!"
"The effect was tremendous. The
crowd stood riveted to the ground with
awe, gazing at the motionless orator,
and thinking of God and the security
of the government at that hour. As
the boiling wave subsided and settled
to the sea when some strong wind
beats it down, so the tumult of the
people sank and became still. All
took it as a divine omen. It was a
triumph of eloquence inspired by the
moment, such as but falls to few men's
lot, and that but once in a century.
The genius of Webster, Choate, Ever-
ett, Seward, never reached it. What
might have happened had the surging
and maddened crowd been let loose,
nobody can tell. The man for the crisis
was on the spot, more potent than Na-
poleon's guns at Paris. I inquired
what was his name. The answer came
in a low whisper, "It is General Gar-
field, of Ohio."—W. L. B.

Veterans Employed in the Capitol.

There are a number of crippled old
soldiers employed in the Capitol build-
ing, and, as should be the case, they
have a tolerably easy time of it. Sev-
eral of these old soldiers are em-
ployed on the Senate side, which very
conservative body never thinks of re-
moving any of its employees, while
over a dozen are employed as messen-
gers and doorknockers on the House
side. The 48th Congress passed a law
creating what is known as the dis-
abled soldiers' roll, and any man who
once gets his name upon that roll, no
matter what may be his politics or
the complexion of the House, he can-
not be discharged except for good and
sufficient reasons, and then only by a
vote of the House.

Among those employed by the
House, Comrade S. H. Decker of
Ohio is the worst injured man, having
lost both arms at the battle of Fort
Village, Ky., by the premature discharge
of the gun which he was serving. He
gets \$100 a month pension besides his
salary. Hugh Lewis lost an arm at
the Second Bull Run; John Stewart
lost an arm at Chancellorsville; For-
nando Page lost both legs in battle by
the explosion of a shell; James J. Mc-
Connell lost a leg at Stevensburg,

Va.; John R. Whitaker was similarly
beret at Richmond, Ky.; J. W. White
lost an arm at Jonesboro, Ga.; John
Rome lost a right arm in Mexico;
E. S. Williams lost a leg while serv-
ing in the Army of the Potomac; W.
T. Fitch had one of his legs rendered
useless by a musket-ball; William
Irving of the 38th Ohio, lost a leg and
had the other disabled in battle; John
Ryan and John A. Travis are both
minus a leg; J. P. Wilson had his
lower jaw shot away at Fort Donel-
son.

Seven of the fourteen men on the
House roll were appointed by the re-
publicans and seven by the democ-
rats, thus evening up the matter
politically.

On the Senate side John G. Morrill
lost the use of his right leg at the
first battle of Bull Run, and also re-
ceived a medal of honor; J. Ball lost
an arm at Fort Blakely, Ala., and J. M.
Pipes lost his arm while serving in
a Pennsylvania regiment in the
Army of the Potomac.

Of course all the employees who
served in the Union Army draw pen-
sions besides the salaries they receive,
and their salaries are generally com-
fortable, but they deserve all they
get.

Kenesaw Mountain.

I was surprised by an article of
Capt. R. C. Rice headed "Kenesaw
Mountain." In closing he says he
"has always supposed that the front
of our regiment (the 125th Ohio) was
the extensiveness of that assault. I
am sure there were no troops engaged
with us on our left, etc., at the date of
said charge, June 27, 1861." Kim-
ball, Wagner, and Harker were the
brigade commanders in Newton's
(Second) Division, Fourth Corps, and
they were all engaged in said charge.
Harker's brigade being the extreme
right of the division, and, as I under-
stand from history, were joining the
charging column from the Fourteenth
Corps. I know from history, as well
as from observation, that Wagner's
(Second) Brigade, Second Division,
Fourth Corps, joined Harker's Brig-
ade on his (Harker's) left, and that
Kimball's Brigade joined to Wagner's
left. All of our division was in that
charge, and the heaviest loss from any
one regiment of Sherman's entire
command on that day, as shown by W.
F. Fox's Statistics on Regimental
Losses, was from the 40th Ind., of
Wagner's Brigade, joining Harker's
left. The regiment of which I was a
member (26th Ohio) was in Wagner's
Brigade. I was with them during
said engagement. We were in the
charge; had our flag with us; (the
flag) had recently been presented to
us by the ladies of Chillicothe, O.
Our Color-Sergeant was killed, the
flag-staff was shot in three places, and
the colors bore the evidence that 56
bullets had passed through them.—
WALDEN KELLY, Captain, Co. F, 26th
Ohio.

The New Lieutenant-General.

E. J. San Souci, the Lieutenant-
General of the Sons of Veterans, was
born in Saco, Me., July 21, 1857.
When quite a child his parents re-
moved to St. Albans, Vt., from which
state his father and brother enlisted
in Company L, First Vermont Cavalry.
In June, '64, his father was mortally
wounded at Salem Church, Va. A
few years after the war San Souci's
mother returned to his native state,
and at the age of 14 years he was em-
ployed in the Laconia Cotton Mills, at
Blaisford, laboring eleven hours a
day for the princely salary of 50 cents
per day, his mother having been left
a widow with several small children
to support, and nothing to do it with
excepting her pension.

In 1876 San Souci entered a retail
boot and shoe store at Greenfield,
Mass. The year 1876 found him sell-
ing shoes in the city of Providence,
R. I., and in September, 1877, he was
engaged as shipping clerk in a manu-
facturing and wholesale shoe house
in Hartford, Conn., afterwards being
promoted to traveling salesman for
New England. He remained with this
establishment eight years, and in
November, 1885, engaged in the retail
shoe business for himself in Hartford,
where he maintained a very successful
business until June of the present
year. At that time he disposed of it
to co-operate with his brothers in
Providence, R. I., and he is now a
member of the firm of San Souci Bros.,
owning and conducting four of the
most successful retail shoe stores in
New England.

Gen. San Souci is a charter mem-
ber of Griffin A. Stedman Camp 6,
of Hartford, Conn., and was its first
elected First Lieutenant. He was
elected Captain for the year ending
December, 1888, filling that office dur-
ing the term and refusing a re-nomina-
tion, owing to his business, which de-
manded his entire attention. He was
a Delegate to the National Encamp-
ment at Wheeling, W. Va., in 1880,
and Delegate-at-Large to St. Joseph,
and is at present on the Division
Council of the Division of Connecti-
cut.

Cheap and Good.

Her mother (who has called the day
after the wedding)—What a nice rice
pudding, my dear. Where did you get
such splendid rice?

The bride—Tom shook it out of his
coat when we got home last night, ma.

A Harp Avia.

Mrs. De Fadd—"What an eccentric
person Mrs. Homebody is!"

Mrs. Demanla—"Isn't she the odd-
est creature! She isn't making a col-
lection of anything!"—New York
Weekly.

From the German.

Why do you always say 'much
obliged,' when Herr Von Filzook goes
away without giving you a tip?"

Waitress—"I don't want the other
gentlemen to learn the bad habit."

Women in Miniature.

The women of the middle classes in
Japan—the women of the shop and

FOR THE LADIES.

LIGHT AND SERIOUS READING FOR THE FEMININE SEX.

Girls Away from Home—Matters Pertain-
ing to Fashions, the Household,
Etc., Etc.

Girls Away From Home.

The girl who is going away from
home quite by herself, and who will
have to travel for several days and
nights on the cars, who will be at a
strange hotel by herself, wants a little
advice about what to do. Her number
may be many, so I prefer to tell her
in this little paragraph: In buying
her ticket for the trip she also buys a
ticket for her sleeper, and the railway
official will arrange that if she does
not get the entire section the other
berth is also occupied by a lady. When
she wishes to go to bed, the porter, at
her request, will arrange the berth for
her, and then out of the small satchel
that she has provided she will take the
dark flannel or dolman dressing-gown
in which she intends to sleep, and go
to the toilet-room and put this on.
Her clothes are hung by the berth,
and while she is advised to remove
her dress, skirt and corsets and her
shoes, it will be wiser to retain some
of her underwear and her stockings,
not only because of the draft, but be-
cause of the facility of getting into
things the next morning. Get up early
and go to the toilet-room, but do not
monopolize it for hours.

When you reach a strange city get
into the stage that belongs to the
hotel to which you wish to go, get out
at the ladies' entrance, go into the
reception room and say that you wish
some one sent from the office to you.
Tell whoever comes exactly what
kind of a room you want, and ask the
price of it. Give him your name to
register, and remember, while you
are alone in a public house it is not
wise to dress in any except a quiet
way. No trouble about ordering your
meals should be experienced, as the
bill-of-fare shows exactly what is
served and you can take your choice.

As to "tipping," you will certainly
give a small tip to the porter who
straps and locks your trunks for you,
and to any bell-boy in the hotel who
shows you some special service. If
you are only there for a few hours it
is not necessary for you to tip the
waiter, nor the chambermaid, unless
she also should do some act of kind-
ness for you such as brushing your
gown, getting the piece of soap that
you have forgotten, or putting a stitch
in a ripped frock. Although it is not
pleasant to be alone, still I do firmly
believe that a well-bred girl with a
clear head and an understanding mind
can, without any trouble, and with
calmness to New York, and receive
nothing but courteous attention.

The don'ts are these:—
Don't dress loudly.
Don't make any acquaintances on the
car or in hotels.
Don't sit alone in public parlors.
Better by far stay in your own room
and read, than make yourself an ob-
ject of comment.

Make up your mind to be courteous
and polite, but reserved, and all men
will be like Chevalier Bayards to you,
and all women will give you what you
demand—respect.—Ruth Ashmore, in
Ladies' Home Journal.

The Story of a Social Belle.

"Sometimes I doubt if I were born,"
writes a society belle in the Ladies'
Home Journal. "I think I am the re-
sult of transmigration—first an orchid,
next a bird of Paradise, and last of all,
a blooded horse. I belong to an old
family, and my solicitor tells me that
I have a great deal of money; but,
who ever heard of a woman having
enough? Mamma, very sensibly,
trained me to be a coquette. From
the time that I could stand I was fully
aware of the value of my white skin,
my deep, dark eyes, and that attached
to the wonderful red hair that
made a gorgeous framing for my
finely cut face. I was willing to go
to bed early, for I had been told that
the good of those sleeping hours that
come before twelve o'clock; to be
bathed and rubbed until I was weary
enough to sleep again, because my
nurse had said that this would make
my form handsome and supple, and
my arms and neck the admiration of
the world. School was an unknown
quality to me—governesses and that
sort of thing came and I endured them,
learned of them, and was
spoken of by them as the most beau-
tiful girl they had ever seen—but one
who was utterly heartless. They
little understood that heart was the
last thing that would be desirable in
my profession, for I made it such.

"At eighteen years of age I was
brought out, but for three months be-
fore that my mother had taught me
exactly who among the men were eligi-
ble, who were not, what women
were to be cultivated, what ones to be
civil to and what ones to ignore. I
made my first appearance at the Pa-
triarcho's Ball, and mamma very wise-
ly had me dressed in the finest of
white silk muslin, made in Empire
style, with a broad, white sash about
my waist, a white glove in my hair,
and long, white gloves, only par-
tially covering my beautiful arms.
As was proper, I accepted the invita-
tions to dance from the older men,
from whom it was a compliment to re-
ceive them, and, as far as possible,
I ignored the younger ones. I sought
mamma's wing at the end of each
dance, and, to her delight, the im-
pression left on everybody's mind was
that of my being an extremely beau-
tiful, ingenious, young girl who knew
nothing whatever about society. How
they erred!"

Women in Miniature.

The women of the middle classes in
Japan—the women of the shop and

factory—are soon, everywhere, so
freely, and their intimacy is won so
soon, that, without understanding
them to their very souls, one can at-
tempt to say a little more about them.
Of those thousands of little persons
met with everywhere—in the tea-
houses, the theatres, the pagodas—the
impression that remains is abso-
lutely deficient of seriousness.
Whenever I think of them I involun-
tarily smile.

Astonishing figures, that I see
once more agitated, assiduous, a little
simulacra, running about with con-
tinual courtesies addressed to every-
body, among their infinitesimal doll's
baubles, in apartments as big as the
hand, whose paper walls would fall in
at the least blow. Women in mini-
ature, both childish and aged, whose
excessive grace, so mannered and
mingled is it, turns to grimaces;
whose overbearing laughter, conta-
gious without guile, is as irresistible
as a titillation, and brings on at
length the same irritating lassitude.
They laugh from excess of amiability
or from acquired habit; they laugh in
the gravest circumstances of life; they
laugh in the temples and at funerals.

Very small creatures, living in the
midst of trifles as artificial and light
as themselves. Their household uten-
sils, in fine porcelain or thin metal,
look like children's toys; their cups,
their tea-kettles, are Lilliputian, and
their everlasting pipes are filled to
overflowing with half a pinch of very
fine tobacco, taken with the tips of
their elegant little fingers.

Never seated, but crouching all day
on mats of immaculate whiteness, they
accomplish in that invariable posture
almost all the acts of their life. It is
on the floor that they take their doll's
dinners, served in microscopic crock-
ery, and eaten delicately with the aid
of chopsticks. It is on the floor, be-
hind frail screens that barely conceal
them, and surrounded with a confu-
sion of queer little instruments—of
little powder-boxes, of little pots—
that they proceed to their toilet, be-
fore mock mirrors that make one
laugh. It is on the floor that they
work, sew, embroider, play on their
long-handled guitars, dream of imper-
ceptible things, or address to their in-
comprehensible gods the long prayers
of morning and evening.—Pierre Loti,
in Harper's Magazine.

The Household.

A small box filled with lime and
placed on a shelf in the pantry or
closet will absorb dampness and keep
the air in the closet dry and sweet.

It is almost impossible to remove a
stain from an ivory-handled knife. It
might be rubbed lightly with a very
fine sand-paper, say No. 00.

"If the white of an egg be mixed
with a cupful of beef tea and heated
to 160 degrees, the value of the beef
tea is greatly enhanced," says the
Lancet.

To loosen stoppers of toilet bottles
let a drop of oil around the stopper
and stand it within a foot or two
of the fire. After a time tap gently,
and if it does not loosen add another
drop of oil.

Celery Mayonnaise.—Cut celery into
pieces about an inch long, then cut
those pieces into strips, put them into
a salad bowl and add a dressing of
oil, vinegar and mustard; drain off
the surplus dressing and cover the
celery with a mayonnaise sauce, mix
well and serve with oyster sauce.

A good camphor ice is made of 1
ounce of spermaceti, 1 ounce of cam-
phor, 1 ounce of almond oil, 1 can-
cel of white wax; melt all together and
turn into moulds. Do not light a
candle at night by means of a jet of
gas or a kerosene lamp burning low;
nothing imperishable the air sooner.
Use sperm candles or tapers which
burn sperm oil.

Cider Cake.—Six cupfuls of flour,
three cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of
butter, one cupful of cider, one tea-
spoonful of saleratus, four eggs, one
nutmeg grated; beat the eggs, butter
and sugar together, and then add the
nutmeg and flour; dissolve the saleratus
in the cider, and add the last; mix
thoroughly and bake at once in
a quick oven.

Glazed Onions.—Peel carefully
good Spanish onions as nearly of
a size as may be, butter a sauce-pan,
and lay in the onions, heads down,
with a couple of lumps of sugar and
enough good stock nearly to cover
the onions; set it over a brisk fire till
the stock is reduced nearly to half,
then draw the pan to the side of the
fire, and let it cook slowly till the
stock almost jollies on the onions.

Lemon Pie.—One lemon, one cupful
of water, one cupful of brown sugar,
two tablespoonfuls of flour, five eggs;
grate the rind of the lemon, squeeze
out the juice and chop the remainder
very fine; add the sugar and the flour,
and then stir in the water; put on the
stove and heat until it becomes a
smooth paste; beat up the eggs, re-
serving the whites of two, and add
them to the mixture; bake without
upper crust; add to the whites of the
eggs two tablespoonfuls of sugar;
beat until stiff and spread on the top
of the pie when done; place in the
oven again to brown delicately.

Fashion Miscellany.

Fans with folding handles are some-
times seen.

There is a craze among collectors
for old tapestries.

Clasps for ball and opera cloaks are
studied with stones.

Styles are very picturesque and ma-
terial and trimmings very rich.

Velvet call is exceedingly popular
for ladies' hand-bags and purses.

The most unique screen of the day
is one that has the cabinet ornamen-
tation.

Torchon lace is coming in again as
a trimming for sachets, toilet slips,
etc.

BOLD RIVER PIRATES.

MIKE FINK, COL. PLUG AND ROBBIE MURRELL.

Boat-Wreckers, Cat-Throats and Highwaymen
of Early Days on the Mississippi—The
Cash Creek, Stark Island and
Island 37 Gangs.

The traveler along the Mississippi
river nowadays can sometimes see
things that will make his hair stand
on end. He may see a mate chase a
roustabout into the river. Some of
the gentlemen at a little riverside
landing may get into a dispute, and
then a few bullets will fly around.
Perhaps a disinterested person may
catch a bullet. It isn't often that such
a thing can be seen at the present day,
but they had some pretty lively times
years ago. I saw one case of genuine
piracy while going down the river,
says a writer in the Chicago Herald.
The City of Baton Rouge stopped at
Blackhawk Landing, Miss., to put off
some freight. A few minutes before
the boat backed out an Italian came
along with a large basket of bananas
and other fruit. There was about sixty
deck passengers on the lower deck, and
one of them called the dago aboard
and was buying 5 cents' worth of fruit
from him when a roustabout slipped up
behind the basket and took something.
The Italian turned to stop the thief,
and the crowd made a dash and clean-
ed out the basket. It was probably
the quickest sale for the amount of
profits on record. Then the crowd
chased the Italian ashore, and just as
the boat was leaving a belated roustabout
grabbed the basket and jumped on
board. When the boat turned the
band half a mile down the river the
banana-seller was standing on the
bank shaking his fist. The average
deck passenger has as little regard for
the property rights of others as the
roustabout has. Among these passengers
on the City of Baton Rouge was a poor
Italian woman. One morning she
came to the cabin with a polyglot
tale of woe. While she was asleep
some one had cut through her dress
into her pocket and had taken \$1.50—
all the money she had. Some of the
passengers gave her some money, and
the smile of sunny Italy came back
into her wrinkled and long unwashed
countenance.

In the "good old river days" they
used to have pirates on the river.
They traveled singly or in organized
gangs. There was a class known as
boat wreckers, among whom "Colonel
Plug," the commander of a gang of
pirates on the lower Ohio, was a promi-
nent character. Colonel Plug anted-
dated the steamboats. His head-
quarters were in or about the mouth
of Cash Creek, just above Cairo, and
he had gangs on the Mississippi.
Plug's name was Plugger, and New
Hampshire had the honor of giving
birth to him. He was supposed to
have keys to all the warehouses from
Cash Creek to Louisville, so that he
could use the warehouses when he
wanted to. He had a keen sense of
honor—about some things. He had a
beautiful wife, and it was once rumo-
red that his lieutenant, "Nine Eyes,"
was unduly familiar with her. Plug
challenged him to fight with rifle.
Each was wounded, after which a
reconciliation was effected over a
bottle of whiskey and Plug's wife was
declared to be immaculate.

As compared with Mike Fink,
Colonel Plug was a mild-mannered
gentleman. Mike was celebrated,
among other things, for the amount
of whiskey he could hold without spill-
ing any of it, and even to this day it
is the proudest moment in the life of a
river tough when some one says "you
can hold as much whiskey as Mike
Fink." Mike considered himself a
humorist. When he told something
for a funny story, or said anything in-
tended to be funny, it was always
laughed at, because the man that did
not laugh got licked. He spoke of
his robberies as practical jokes. If he
met a traveler when he was in a jok-
ing mood he would rob the wayfarer
of his trousers and drawers and let
him go his way.

But there were real pirates on the
river—men whose sole occupation con-
sisted in capturing cargo boats and
killing any one that resisted. At one
time trade was so much interfered
with and the dangers to life were so
great that the governor general of
Louisiana issued an order excluding
single boats from the river and allow-
ing flotillas only, which were strong
enough to repel the pirates, to na-
vigate the river. That was a century
ago.

They All Were 'Em.

Near-sightedness may not be a great
misfortune, but doubtless it is a sort
of condition that "loves company." The
New York Sun relates this incident:

The passengers in a Broadway car
smiled when they looked about and
found that every one of the nine pas-
sengers—four men, three women, a
young girl and boy—was wearing spec-
tacles. Then a man in middle life
came in, and everybody watched him
while he drew his newspaper from his
pocket, took out his spectacle case,
put on his spectacles with deliberate
care and looked all about him to find
every pair of eyes in the car smiling
at him from behind like disks of gilt-
enig glass.

Everybody looked just a little more
amused than before, and when the con-
ductor came in to collect his fares,
etc.

with a pair of gold-rimmed glasses
perched on his nose, the young girl
looked at the boy and giggled, the boy
smiled broadly back, while the old
gentleman called out with a Boythorn
roar:

"Bless my soul! We're all in the
same basket!"

UP MONT BLANC.

A Lame and Elderly Man Makes the Journey
With Some Comfort.

A lame man, about 60 years of age,
has just made the ascent of Mont Blanc.
In his day Mr. Janssen has been a
great mountain climber. He is the
president of the French Alpine club,
and an astronomer. He had a two-fold
purpose in view in the ascent he has
just made under such disadvantageous
circumstances. He wished in the first
place to ascertain whether it was pos-
sible for scientific men to reach the
regions of eternal snow without be-
coming so fatigued as to impair the
value of their observations. His sec-
ond purpose was scientific. He de-
sired to find whether the outer atmos-
phere of the sun contains oxygen in
the state in which the gas is formed in
the atmosphere of the earth.

The scientific results of Mr. Jans-
sen's journey have not been an-
nounced. He ascertained, however,
that, old and lame, he was able to
reach the top of the terrible fatiguing
mountain in comparative comfort.
In fact, the astronomer was taken up
on a sledge which was drawn and
pushed by twenty-two guides, and
while they had a rather hard time of
it in some parts of the ascent the old
gentleman sat in comfort on his sledge
and let them tug away and flounder in
the snow.

It took him two days to make the
ascent, but only one day to return to
the hotel near the foot of the moun-
tain, and during the many hours the
guides were puffing away up the dif-
ficult slopes two ladies, the wife and
daughter of the Alpine sledge traveler,
were on the veranda of the hotel
watching every movement of their
relative through a telescope. He
therefore not only ascended the moun-
tain with a considerable degree of
comfort, but afforded all the way up
a very unique and interesting spec-
tacle to those who were watching the
party below.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Of the 4,200 species of flowers now
cultivated in Europe, only ten per
cent give forth any odor. Therefore
it cannot be said that most flowers are
fragrant.

The latest invention is clothing
made of a fabric in which fine threads
of cork are inter-woven with wool or
silk, which renders it impossible for
the wearer to sink in water.

Electricity applied to locomotive
headlights is among the safeguards
proposed for railway travel, and a
recent simplified apparatus is thought
to be the most satisfactory so far in-
vented.

Prof. Orton, while urging the im-
perative necessity of taking action to
restrict the wasteful use of natural
gas, admits that even the strictest
regulations cannot prevent the ex-
haustion of the supply in a few years.

Prof. Pickering of the Harvard Col-
lege Observatory regards the so-called
"canals of Mars as areas of vegeta-
tion, possibly immense cultivated
tracts. The canals are usually some
thirty to 150 miles broad, by 2000 or
3000 miles long, and most of them ap-
pear in parallel pairs.

The keeper of the Tillamook Rock
(Oregon) lighthouse reports to the
lighthouse board a wave which broke
at a height of 100 feet above high-
water mark. His calculation is made
as follows: The rock upon which the
lighthouse tower stands rises ninety-
six feet above high water, the

FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

APPROPRIATE READING MATTER FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

An Elephant Hunt in Siam—Webster in the Senate—Other Interesting Items.

December.

On Christmas day, when fires were lit,
And all our breakfasts done,
We spread our toys out on the floor
And played there in the sun.

The nursery smelled of Christmas tree,
And under where it stood
The shepherds watched their flocks of sheep,
All made of painted wood.

Outside the house the air was cold
And quiet was all about,
Till far across the snowy roofs
The Christmas bells rang out.

But soon the sleigh-bells jingled by
Upon the street below,
And people on the way to church,
Went crunching through the snow.

We did not quarrel once all day;
Mamma and Grandma said
They liked to be in where we were,
So pleasantly we played.

I do not see how any child
Is cross on Christmas day,
When all the lovely toys are new,
And everyone can play.

—KATHARINE PYLE, in St. Nicholas.

An Elephant Hunt in Siam.

One scorching morning in April, 1870, a small party of Europeans left the city of Bangkok, the present capital of the kingdom of Siam, for Ayuthia, the old seat of government, sixty miles northward up the river Menam. A hunt had been appointed by the king, and the elephants were to be brought in through the country bordering the ancient ruins.

On the second day we arrived at Ayuthia, and set up our screens and hung our mosquito bars in a sala or rest-house by the riverside.

The following morning the elephants arrived. Just outside the city and overlooking a plain extending to the horizon, was a high platform, mounted by stone steps, and covered with a tiled roof supported by pillars. On this, screened from the sun, and with a broad outlook over the rice-fields that had lately been shorn of their crop, sat a high official, his aids, a few native nobles, and the foreign guests. Other spectators perched in trees or found standing-room wherever the view was most attractive. Immediately before the platform was the stockade, made by setting deep into the ground teak logs two yards in girth and twenty feet in length. These logs were so arranged as to leave interspaces of about one foot in width. They inclosed a half acre of level ground, and extended out, at the side opposite the platform, into a funnel-shaped entrance, only wide enough, where it joined the stockade, for the passing of a single elephant.

Gazing far across the stubby plain, we saw the troop of elephants, encompassed by the many hunters who had been sent months before into the wilderness, to entice the wild animals toward a rendezvous. The families, scattered in the jungles, foraging among the luxuriant herbage, had been separately enticed by tame decoy elephants, under the direction of wily hunters, and one had followed another into captivity. Two hundred and eighty elephants had thus been brought together. The sound of their roaring was like that of distant thunder; and, as they approached, the earth seemed to shake under their tread.

By a skillful combination of leading and driving, they were slowly urged along toward the stockade. Foremost were the decoys, trained to their work, which they do with complacent discretion. They were ridden by experts in elephant-training, and followed by the wild herds in which were elephants of all ages. Hemming in the assemblage on the sides and in the rear, many other tamed elephants, directed by their riders, urged on the laggards with their long tusks and shouldered the stragglers into place.

Occasionally a huge fellow, becoming conscious of being directed by a will not his own, would rear, trumpet a protest, bolt through the cordon of sentinels, and gallop towards the distant woods. But these fugitives were quickly chased by three or four trained beasts, and were soon brought back to the ranks. Only one, a majestic creature with enormous, snowy tusks, distanced his pursuers and regained freedom in the bush.—St. Nicholas.

A Telegraph-Pole as a Storehouse.

While walking through the Museum of Natural History at Central Park, New York, recently, says a writer in St. Nicholas, I saw in one of the glass cases part of a cedar telegraph-pole, thickly perforated with holes. On inquiry, I learned that these holes had been dug in the pole by the California woodpecker, for the purpose of storing acorns for its winter food. Some of the acorns may still be seen in the pole, although most of them had been extracted before it was cut down.

It has long been known that these busy workers store acorns in the bark of standing trees, but the use of a telegraph-pole for this purpose is an entirely new selection, and while perhaps the feathered gentry find it a very convenient storehouse, their method of taking possession is decidedly damaging to the telegraph-pole.

There is a cousin of this same bird in Mexico, who has discovered that the stalk of the alopecurus makes a much better storehouse than trees or telegraph-poles, besides saving him a great deal of labor. The alopecurus, a flowering, dies, but the hollow stalk remains standing. The flinty texture of the stalk is easily pierced through to the central cavity by the woodpecker, who then thrusts in an acorn,

then another, and another, until the hollow space is filled to the level of the hole. He then makes a second opening higher up, and thrusts in more acorns until the level of that hole is reached. So he proceeds all the way up the stalk, until it is completely filled with acorns. Often alopecurus thirty miles distant from the nearest oak tree have been found stored in this way, involving a journey for the birds of sixty miles for each acorn stored.

All this good work is turned to use in times of famine, when not only the woodpeckers, but the other birds, and even animals, live on this preserved food.

Before I finish I must tell you of a little practical joke which the woodpecker occasionally indulges in. Instead of inserting an acorn in the tree selected he stily puts in a small stone; the wood grows over this in time, and when the tree is finally taken to the mill the stones play sad havoc with the saws.

Webster in the Senate.

There is a fascination in studying a grand picture of a man such as Oliver Dyer gives in some of his recollections, and under the spell one is tempted to believe there are no great men now. "Distance lends enchantment," etc., and something may be credited to that fact when a figure is described and admired far away; but it can never be denied that Daniel Webster was a wonderful man. Mr. Dyer says:

I have a distinct recollection of Webster as he looked the first time I saw him. He had been ill, and several weeks elapsed before the session of Congress began before he came to the Senate chamber.

I was occupying the reporters' seat one forenoon, when there was a good deal of noise and bustle in the Senate, but no debate going on. Suddenly silence fell upon the chamber. I looked up and saw all eyes turned in the direction of an aisle which led from one of the doors past the reporters' seat.

I looked to see what it was that so riveted everybody's attention. It was Webster. He was coming slowly along the aisle, directly toward me. I knew him, partly from pictures I had seen of him, but more from the fact that I felt it could not be anybody else, for at that moment I had an unreflecting, boyish feeling that there could not be two such men in the world at the same time, and that this one must be Webster. He was pale, and walked feebly; but the picturesqueness of his figure was there; the overpowering intellectuality was there. That enormous and beautiful head, those wonderful eyes, that stately carriage, the dove-like front, all proclaimed that the godlike Daniel had come into the Senate House and was advancing to his seat.

The silence with which Webster was received on that occasion was like the silence which his appearance in the Senate Chamber, or his rising to speak, always caused.

No other Senator was ever listened to with the respect which he commanded. When Benton addressed the Senate, there was more than ordinary attention accorded to him. When Calhoun spoke, he was listened to with more attention than Benton received. Clay was still more favored than Calhoun, but when Webster arose there was instantly a solemn hush, and the intense solitude of great and eager expectation at once became regnant. Information that Webster was up spread like wildfire, and the Senate Chamber was immediately packed with eager listeners.—Youth's Companion.

The Useful Rat.

The post office was once saved considerable expense by the assistance of a rat, says the London Cornhill Magazine. As most people know, the main telegraph wires in London run through the subway in which the gas pipes and sewers are placed. The principal arteries are so large that it is easy enough for men to work in them, but the pipes, through which the side wires branch off, are much smaller, and great care has to be taken to preserve the connection between the main and the lateral wires. Some years ago men were repairing one of these latter, and carelessly omitted to attach it to a leading line by which it could be drawn to its place when needed. The blunder seemed likely to have serious consequences, for it was thought that the whole of the lateral pipe would have to be dug up in order to get at the broken wire. But one of the men came to the rescue with a happy thought, suggesting that a rat should be procured, and with a fine piece of wire attached to it, sent through the pipe. This was done, but, to the dismay of the workmen, the new hand came to a stop after it had gone a few yards. The inventor of this idea was not yet, however, at the end of his resources, and, by his advice, a ferret was procured and started on the dilatory rat's track. There was a moment of suspense before it was settled whether the rat would show fight or run away, but this was soon ended by the paying out of the wire, and, in a short time, the latest addition to the staff of the postoffice appeared at the other end of the pipe. It was caught, the wire detached, and then it was set free in recognition of the service it had rendered. By means of the wire, the telegraph line was secured, and a long and laborious piece of work saved.

Blessings of Wealth.

American (proudly)—I understand that all your sons are engaged to American girls.
Lord Toplofty—All but one, the eldest. He, being heir to the estate, can afford to marry an English girl.
—New York Weekly.

UNCLE BILLY WAYMIRE.

TRUE HISTORY OF HIS REMARKABLE CONVERSION.

He Was For Years One of the Wickedest Men in Indiana, But the Preacher Finally Outwitted Him—Old Better Than Younger.

Uncle Billy Waymire was a well-known character all over the Night Owl settlement, a locality in central Indiana, which took its name from the district school of that section, an educational institution which had for years and years been known as the Night Owl Seminary. Right across the road from this stood the "Night Owl Moonin' House," a sort of union tabernacle, where new lights, baptists, united brethren and methodists held services on alternating Sundays, and in the winter time "joined hands" in a series of union revival services for the purpose of gathering in the sinners from the whole country-side.

Old Abe Moggerly was the Methodist preacher at the Night Owl church, and despite the fact that he was uncouth of manner, rough and unlettered, he wielded a powerful influence over the people of the community. Old Abe was what you could truly call a working minister, writes Ed. L. Pritchard in the Arkansas Traveler. He owned a good farm and a half interest in a thrashing machine; and during the cropping season, from early spring until late fall, he did harder work, and more of it, than any other man in the county. But when winter came on, bringing as it does to the farmer a season of comparative rest and comfort, then Brother Moggerly, to use his own expression, "went to work for the Lord." He had a half dozen different places in his own and adjoining counties where he held meetings during the winter season, but as he himself lived in the Night Owl settlement his zeal and interest were, naturally, stronger for this his home charge. The old fellow had got together "a right smart sprinklin'" of members here, among them some of the best families for miles around.

There was, however, one man whom he never could get to "jine meetin'" and that was Uncle Billy Waymire, who was about as tough and unregenerate an old sinner as ever stood outside a church door and tried to work up a boss trade while the preacher on the inside was doing his best to get up a little enthusiasm among the faithful members of his flock. Uncle Billy had long been a special mark for old Abe's eloquence, both in and out of the pulpit. In fact he had frequently boasted to some of his brethren, on commencing a series of revival meetings, that he intended to capture Uncle Billy before spring. These boasts generally reached the ears of the old fellow, whereupon he would "cuss" like a pirate and swear "that he'd show old Moggerly whether he could lead him around by the nose or not."

This state of affairs had existed for several years, and of course furnished no end of gossip and chat among the country people. Indeed, among the worldly minded portion of the community, and especially the younger and wilder ones, the announcement that old Abe would shortly begin to hold "big meetin'" at the Night Owl church was hailed with great glee, for they well knew there was sure to be a lively time of it, while bets were freely offered and taken on the chances of old Abe getting Billy into the church, with the odds generally against the preacher. But one winter old Abe started in to win; he had been baffled long enough. The time had come when he had to show that the Lord was on his side or else, as he put it, "to quit preachin' altogether." And this is how he went about it. Happening to meet Uncle Billy in the road one day the following conversation ensued:

"Good mornin', Brother Waymire, how are you? I'm mighty glad to see you; how's all the folks?"
"Wall, only middlin' generally, though I'm feelin' purty poor myself; how are you stan' in it?"

"Fresh an' vigorous, Brother Waymire, fresh an' vigorous, I've been a workin' like ever'body for myself all summer, an' now that winter has set in I'm ergoin' to put in my best licks for the Lord. We begin a big meetin' at the Night Owl next Sunday."
"Yes, so I heard. 'Spose you'll be a-givin' it to us sinners purty hot ergin, same as you did last winter, won't you?"

"Wall, I dunno about that," answered the preacher quietly. "I've erbout made up my mind that it's a waste o' wind to be allus a-pitchin' into such old fellows as you, for instance. It only makes you madder and harder-hearted. What I'm ergoin' to do is to preach the gospel as the Lord lets me see it, an' them as wants ter come in an' jine the church kin do so, an' them as don't kin stay out."

"What!" exclaimed Uncle Billy, his eyes bulging out in surprise, "do you mean ter say that you hain't goin' to extend no invitations to sinners ter come up to the mourners' bench—that you ain't goin' ter pitch into 'em an' give 'em reg'lar old Jesse for stan' in out orgin the overtures o' promised mercy?"

"That's jess erbout it, Brother Waymire," said old Abe coolly.
"Then you don't want sloh fellows as I be ter jine your church. Is that it?"
"Wall, not exactly, Brother Waymire, not exactly; personally, as far as myself are concerned, I'd like ter see you come into the fold; but I've tried so long ter get you thar an' failed that I've made up my mind the Lord don't want you."

"The Lord don't want me!" echoed Uncle Billy in astonishment.
"Yes, that's it; 'ralse, if he did, why you'd come in. Fer them as the Lord intends to save, he'll save; an' them as he intends ter d—, he'll d—, and that ends it."

"Thon I'm lost, am I, lost forever?"
"As fer that, I kain't say, Brother Waymire. It's jess as I told you. I used ter think that it was old Abe Moggerly who brought sinners ter law; but I know better now. Old Abe ain't knee-high to a grasshopper when it comes to brizin' men to repentance. Juss as I say, if the Lord wants you to be saved, he'll tech that old heart o' yours, an' if he does, why it's him an' not the preacher as should git the credit. 'Wall, I must be ergoin', Brother Waymire. I got some fodder to haul yit to-day. Hope ter see you out ter meetin' nex' Sunday. Good-by."

"Yes," said Uncle Billy, with some earnestness. "Yes, I'll be there; this new talk o' yours has kinder got me interested; an' of the Lord hain't goin' ter have anything ter do with an old codger like me, I'd kinder like to find it out right away."

I need scarcely add that Uncle Billy was "converted" and joined the church in less than a month from that time, and to-day he is a class leader in the Night Owl Protestant M. E. Church.

GOOSE-COVERED COLUSA.

Where Wild Fowl Swarm Like Locusts in the Plague of Egypt.

I have seen a tract of seventy-five acres in Colusa county absolutely covered with wild geese, so densely packed as to resemble pictures I have seen of seabird rookeries on some ocean rock, said a Californian to a New York Sun reporter. When they first come they wax fat on the wheat stubble and are juicy and sweet flavored for the table, but when the young winter wheat appears they work on the green sprouts. This has the effect of making their flesh rank, and no one in any of the wild goose-ridden districts will eat of these fowls then. They are shipped by the thousand, all the same, to San Francisco and other markets all winter long, where the people seem to think the green wheat-fed birds are a great delicacy. But if the markets could take ten times as many as they do the number would be small compared with the thousands and thousands of the destructive fowls that are clubbed to death and left lying on the ground.

To Colusa county, where I live, especially in its northern part, I once thought bent all creation as a feeding place for wild geese, for I have seen these flocks so thick in the air, going to and from their favorite pasture, that only few-and-far-between glimpses of the sky could be obtained for an hour at a time. But when I went into Colusa county I made up my mind that I had never seen wild geese enough before to speak of. There is a large expanse of barren plain in that county, which affords an unrivaled place of rendezvous for both geese and ducks, and I thought that all the wild geese that went forth to all parts of the land, near and remote, must surely have their starting place on the Colusa county barrens. They may be seen rising up from the plains in swarms like the locusts of Egypt and going forth in all directions to prey on farmers. They remain all winter long, and the wheat farmers cut in the harvest they have had to fight the geese and ducks for months to retain.

There are many large wheat ranches in these two counties, such as the Green ranch, the Bogg ranch and others. From twelve to twenty-five herders are employed by each of the big ranches to patrol the wheat fields and wage continual warfare against the geese and ducks. These herders live in cabins scattered about the ranches, and tramp about the fields from daylight until dark and long after night, too, if the moon is shining, for both geese and ducks feed on the fields at night if it is moonlight.

Jessie Fremont's Ring.
The following story is told of one of Missouri's famous characters: Jessie Benton Fremont was among the audience in Plymouth church on that famous occasion before the war when a slave woman stood on the platform to be ransomed. Her price in gold must be paid to her captors or she must be returned to the land where human flesh was a chattel. At the close of the sermon the plates were passed. Mrs. Fremont had no money, but hastily pulling from her finger a gold ring with a B engraved on the stone, the gift of Colonel Fremont, she laid it on the plate. The ring was recognized, and was sold at auction for a high figure and presented again to Jessie Fremont. The slave, it is needless to say, was ransomed.

Smoking in Japan.
Smoking is so common in Japan that all of the men and most of the ladies smoke, the girls beginning when they are about ten years of age. The ladies have pipes with longer stems than the men, and if one of them wishes to show a gentleman a special mark of favor, she lights her pipe, takes a whiff, hands it to him and lets him smoke.

Winbur Lumber Co.

ANTIOCH, ILL.

Dealers in all kinds of

LUMBER

Sash, Doors, Blinds,
Building Paper, Cedar Posts,
Wood and Wire Fence

COAL!
LIME, CEMENT, ETC.

Don't Go Anywhere Else Until
You Learn Our Prices.

Office and Yards near the Depot,
ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS.

E. G. DARDIE, Manager.

AUCTIONEER.

The undersigned will Auctioneer farm sales, at lowest rates. Satisfaction guaranteed. For terms and dates apply to the editor of the News, or Address:

J. B. JACKSON,
Pleasant Prairie, Wis.

STEPHEN W. MARVIN,

NOTARY & PUBLIC

HAINESVILLE, LAKE COUNTY, ILL.

Conveyancing and other business writing promptly attended to.

PATENTS,

Caveats and Trade-Marks obtained, and all patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES. Our Office is Opposite U. S. Patent Office and we can secure patent in less time and at less cost than from any remote part of Washington. Send model, drawing or photo, with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured. A little book, "How to Obtain Patents," with names of actual clients in your State, county, or town sent free. Address:

C. A. SNOW & CO.

Opp. Patent Office, WASHINGTON, D. C.

KIMBALL

PIANOS.

INDORSED BY

ADELINA PATTI,

LILLI LEHMAN,

JULIUS PEROTTI,

SIG. TAMACNO,

GRAND ITALIAN OPERA CO.

METROPOLITAN OPERA CO.

BOSTON IDEAL OPERA CO.

and many other prominent artists

FOR SALE AT MANUFACTURERS' PRICES BY

W. W. KIMBALL CO.,

State and Jackson Sts., CHICAGO.

BANKING HOUSE

OF.....

J. B. Turck, Jr.

Stocks, Bonds

And Mortgages

BOUGHT AND SOLD.

92 LA SALLE STREET

M. W. DALE. WALTER M. SEMPILL.

DALE & SEMPILL,

(Successors to Wm. M. Dale)

Manufacturing and Dispensing

CHEMISTS.

Corner Clark and Madison St.

CHICAGO. ILL.



RUN

Fast Trains with Pullman Vestibuled Drawing Room Sleepers, Dining Cars and Coaches of latest design, between Chicago and Milwaukee and St. Paul and Minneapolis.

Fast Trains, with Pullman Vestibuled Drawing Room Sleepers, Dining Cars and Coaches of latest design, between Chicago and Milwaukee and Ashland and Duluth.

Through Pullman Vestibuled Drawing Room and Colonist Sleepers via the Northern Pacific Railroad between Chicago and Portland, Oregon.

Convenient Trains to and from Eastern, Western, Northern and Central Wisconsin points, affording unequalled service to and from Wausau, Fond du Lac, Oshkosh, Neenah, Menasha, Chippewa Falls, Eau Claire, Hurley, Wis., Ironwood, and Bessemer, Mich. For tickets, sleeping car reservations, time tables and other information, apply to Agents of the line or to Ticket Agents anywhere in the United States or Canada.

R. H. AINSWIE, General Manager, MILWAUKEE, WIS.
J. M. HANNAFORD, Gen. Traf. Mgr., ST. PAUL, MINN.
H. C. BARLOW, Traffic Manager, CHICAGO, ILL.
LOUISECKSTEIN AND CO., PAT. A. CHICAGO, ILL.

S. A. DIDAMA,

NOTARY PUBLIC

Will attend to all kinds of Notarial Business.

Office at

TREVOR, WISCONSIN.

CHAS. P. WESTERFIELD,

CIVIL ENGINEER AND

County Surveyor.

Careful Work Guaranteed.

COURT HOUSE, WAUKEGAN, ILL.

JOHN H. HUGHES,

LAKE VILLA, ILLINOIS.

UNDERTAKING.

A full supply of Undertakers Goods, Constantly on hand.

A FIRST CLASS HEARSE IN CONNECTION.

Furniture Repairing and Picture Framing a specialty.

Prices always reasonable.

PENSIONS!

Claims of Soldiers' Widows and Dependent Parents.

GEO. P. SHATSWELL,

U. S. CLAIM AGENT.

Original and Increased Office with

Pensions Obtained, also S. H. KENNEDY,

Arrears, Re-issue and Restoration (Certificates), WAUKEGAN, ILL.

Back Pay and Bounty, Residence on Grand Ave.

A. CHINN,

AUCTIONEER,

AND REAL-ESTATE DEALER.

ANTIOCH, ILL.

MEN WANTED!

To represent our well-known Nursery to to win and country trade. Good pay weekly.

A steady position with a Nursery of over thirty years standing and a known responsibility. We want good, lively workers, and will pay well. Good reference required.

Apply quick, stating age. CHASE BROTHERS COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

FRANK WILLIAMS,

Harness Making & Repairing.

I keep in stock a full and complete assortment of everything in the Harness line, Ribbles Blankets, Whips, Trunks etc. and guarantee WORK FIRST-CLASS IN EVERY PARTICULAR.

LAB AT LOWEST PRICES.

Shop in S. B. Russell's Hardware Store, ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS.

Dentistry!

BEST SET OF TEETH, \$10.00.

GOLD FILLING \$1.50.

AMALGUM FILLING 50 CENTS.

GOLD CROWNS, \$6.00.

EXTRACTING FREE

WHEN NEW PLATES ARE INSERTED

ALL WORK GUARANTEED.

Geo. R. Olcott,

ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS.

WILLIAMS,

Barber & Hairdresser.

Shop on corner of Lake Avenue and Victoria Street.

SHOP CLOSED ON SUNDAY.

ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS.

Central House,

Near The Wisconsin Central Depot, BURLINGTON, WIS.

Free Bus to and from all trains.

GOOD MEALS, REASONABLE RATES.

NIC GILL, PROP.

The Sweet Summer Girl.
I.
On the coast of the Atlantic,
In a manner quite romantic,
By each shore, and bay, and inlet, where the
waves beat and swirl
With a warmth at every greeting,
Hammocks, and lotus-seating,
Now you meet in this profusion the sweet,
seaside summer-girl.

II.
Oh! she loves the flicker ocean,
But she loves her dearer home
That there's something even better than the
singing, breezy sea:
Tis the masculine new-comer,
He be lawyer, clerk, or "drummer,"
Who may pay her daily homage and become
her best part.



MORNING—NEWLY INTRODUCED.
III.
In far Harbor and in Newport
To see this girl is true sport,
At Cape May, Long Beach, Long Island, and
the Narragansett Pier,
And a thousand other places,
You shall see how dear her face is,
And can woo, and court her—go
ahead and don't fear.

IV.
Yet, returning to the city,
(The an overacting pity,
She won't know you in the autumn, or in
winter's social reign;
But so long as she is charming,
This should not be too alarming;
You can find her there next summer and do
caper all again.



AFTERNOON—BECOMING ACQUAINTED.
V.
But she sometimes makes you frantic,
This sweet girl of the Atlantic,
For she holds the quivered arrows Cupid
picks up in his bow:
And, in laughing or in dancing,
She will set your heart a-prancing,
And suggest a score of fancies that'll
better not to know.

VI.
How she throws herself before you?
At the sea she'll not ignore you—
Only ask her to go sailing, to take a ride, or
cat-fer-ram
And you'll find her true and steady,
Never faltering, never ready,
And she'll make your life ecstatic beyond
your utmost dream.



EVENING—JOLLY GOOD FRIENDS.
VII.
Never mind the mere telet,
Of your heart you have
She will take a whole year's earnings, with-
out sorrow or ado;
For this wonderful creation
Will follow a bird's footstep,
And you'll only have to labor and get back
your cash again.

VIII.
If you're poor you need not tarry,
Tis not you she wants to marry—
She's only here for pleasure, just to put
your heart a-twirl
Do not mind the worldly scoffers,
Take the game as it offers,
And you'll have fun enough to pay you with
the luxurious seaside-girl.
—JOEL HENTON.

COSTS PILES OF MONEY.

CONGRESSMEN WHO FIND \$5,000 A YEAR TOO SMALL.

Apartment That Cost Twice What a
Member Can Earn—Expenses of En-
tertaining Constituents.

"Nine hundred dollars a month and we will give you a suit of rooms for your family of four."
This was the answer that startled a newly elected Congressman when he consulted the proprietor of a fashionable hotel in Washington in relation to suitable apartments for a man of his position. As the figure was twice the amount that the Congressman received as salary he looked elsewhere.

To the country constituent, to whom a ten-dollar bill is a semi-occasional possession, his Congressman's salary of \$5,000 a year seems actual wealth—a magnificent income on which he ought not only to fare sumptuously every day and be clothed in fine linen, but also to save money. To the Congressman himself at Washington, obliged to "keep up his end" among men to whom \$5,000 a year means decent poverty, with unexpected expenses cropping up on every hand, with landlords, boarding-house keepers, tradesmen and caterers of all kinds regarding him as their legitimate prey, the said salary is apt to prove an uncomfortably inelastic quantity.

Living in Washington per se is perhaps cheaper than in any other city north of the Potomac. Rents, except in the fashionable quarters, are not high; provisions, especially meat, fish and green vegetables, are cheaper than in either New York or Philadelphia, and servants' wages outside the select circle who consider themselves reserved for Senators and members of the Cabinet are 20 per cent lower. The department clerk who is not responsible to society with a capital account can take a pretty house in the suburbs within easy reach of the street cars and live in comfort inside his salary of \$1,800 a year; the Congressman, on the contrary, is more or less fettered by the exigencies of his position, and finds any such living forbidden by the law of "Noblesse oblige."

Should the country constituent in question visit the capital and find his member—far worse his Senator, though their salaries are the same—living up a back street and keeping only two servant girls, he would probably go home in disgust to dilate on the meanness of such parsimonious living. The man of affairs is forced to keep in the swim, and to do so, in Washington as elsewhere, requires money, and plenty of it too. If the member is a bachelor or comes to the capital without his wife and family, he may easily maintain the proprieties of his position and keep within his income, always provided that he has no unduly extravagant habits. From \$30 to \$100 a month will provide him with handsome rooms, and his meals—unless he insists on champagne at dinner—should easily come within \$4 a day. The keeper of the restaurant at the Capitol makes a specialty of 50-cent lunches for "members," and many pay still less, some taking merely a slice of pie and a glass of milk as they stand in the corridors.

The Congressman who brings his family to Washington has need to have a wife who is a practical economist, unless indeed he is a man of means outside of his salary. The rent of a good house in an eligible neighborhood ranges, furnished, from \$125 per month to ten times that amount, or more for very elegant quarters; unfurnished, if you do not insist upon a swell neighborhood, you may get as low as \$35; still \$200 is not an unusual price and some desirable residences are leased at fancy figures. Add to this the necessary cost of food, fuel, lights, servants' wages, etc., and the amount left, even if the rent be within \$150 a month, will scarcely be found a too abundant allowance for clothing and living expenses.

Landlords in Washington, like their brethren at watering places, make their hay while the sun shines, and the rent of a house or an elegant suite of rooms for the season is nearly if not quite as much as for the whole year.



NINE HUNDRED DOLLARS A MONTH!
Fairly good board in a respectable boarding-house may be had for from \$10 to \$20 a week, but, as already said, Congressmen are generally expected to pay more than other people. Half the advertisements of rooms and board say "Member preferred," and the presence of such a one is supposed to give social status to his dwelling place. The least expensive mode of living is to take a suite of rooms and get one's meals outside, provided, of course, the "one" is unencumbered with womankind. The cost at a swell hotel is enormous. One wealthy Senator pays \$800 a month for himself and wife for a suite of three, with board, after having offered \$700 for an elegantly furnished house for which the owner asked \$1,000 a month.

If there be a wife and daughters they must, perforce, be well dressed and always make an appearance creditable to the husband and father. Moreover, the question of carriage-hire is an important one.

Washington is the city of magnificent distances, and to pay the numerous calls which are obligatory upon the wife of every member of Congress a carriage is an absolute necessity. Possibly one day in the week, if she lives in the center of fashion, her calls may be made on foot, but ordinarily that is impossible. If you



TAKES HIS FIVE AND MILK AT LUNCHEON.
own a horse and brougham you must pay at least \$20 a month for his board—\$40 if you keep a pair. Add to this the cost of a coachman and the wear and tear of the carriage, etc., fully \$80 more, and even then the expense is less than constant hack hire, unless, indeed, you can make a special arrangement with a small, lively, reliable keeper for horses and driver, having your own carriage. This matter of calls is a very serious business in Washington. The wife of a Representative, unless her husband be the Speaker or a very prominent man, is obliged only to observe regularly the "days" of Senators' wives, of the wives

of members of the Cabinet, and to keep in touch with those of the members from her own State, but the wife of a Senator must return all calls made on her, observe carefully the etiquette of the diplomatic circles and, in short, keep her long visiting list as carefully as a merchant keeps his ledger.



CHAMPAGNE COSTS HIM \$4 A DAY.
The cards for all this ceremonial visiting are of themselves no infinitesimal item of expense. The funny newspaper "fake" about the huge stationer's bills presented to Chief Justice Fuller and Senator Everts for cards for their numerous daughters; of how Mrs. Senator and Mrs. Justice met in council, and in each household the cards left by the others were gathered up, each returning a wheelbarrow load, and it was mutually agreed that in future one card should be considered sufficient for each interchange of pasteboards. Instead of, as hitherto, each girl in the two families leaving one of her cards for each and every one of the other, was by no means so impossible a story as it may have seemed to the uninitiated.

"It is dreadful, my dear, positively dreadful," said a lady who had been spending the season in the capital. "You know I am a mere nobody and do come when I please. I haven't a house, nor a reception day, and yet I assure you I have used six packs of cards in less than two months, and those I have received would fill a half-peck measure."

The item of postage is still a more serious one. O'Neill, of Pennsylvania, who never neglects to answer even a postal card, probably spends hundreds of dollars a year on postage, and from 50 cents to \$1 a day is an ordinary average during the actual session of Congress.

The constituents are themselves a considerable source of expense, increasing in direct ratio to the proximity of the member's district to the capital. Of course, each one who comes to the city expects to be shown some attention, greater or less in proportion to his importance, and this attention, be it a lunch at the Capitol, a dinner—and dinners are of all sorts—a bottle of wine, a drive, or merely a drink and a good cigar, counts something on the sum total of legitimate expenses.

Episode of the Hat.

A stately and handsome example of the well-bred young lady attending a theatrical first night last week and occupied with her escort, seats in the third row of the orchestra. She was so fair to look upon that a large share of the audience watched as she went down the aisle and settled gracefully in a chair.

It was then observed, with much interest, that she raised her arms and detached from her head the fashionable hat that became her so well. Her hair was bright golden, and under the lights it fairly flashed in its beauty. The old gentleman sitting behind her settled back comfortably in his chair and congratulated himself that he had been placed behind a thoughtful creature, for now he could not only see the stage, but a splendid head of hair as well.

Presently two or three young women in the immediate vicinity quietly removed their hats, having noted the admiration that the originator of the scheme had excited.

From this the movement spread until hatless feminine heads were discernible all over the theatre, even to the rear rows of the circle. Between the acts a paper began to circulate among the people in the orchestra.

Each gentleman as he received it, read something that had been written on it, and then smilingly signed his name, after which he passed it to his immediate neighbor.

In a few moments the paper came back to the old gentleman that had started it on its travels. Bonding forward he politely addressed the golden-haired girl, handing to her at the same time the paper. She read it and as she did so a deep blush and a smile crept over her face. The paper was a vote of thanks, signed by thirty or more of the male spectators. Its text was as follows:

"We, the undersigned, desire to express our respectful admiration for a beautiful and considerate young lady, name not known, who, by removing her hat from her bright golden head, has set the fashion for others, thereby rendering it possible for a delighted audience to witness the details of a stage performance."

The pretty girl cast a radiant smile over her shoulder at the old gentleman behind, and, folding the paper, tucked it into the front of her dress by the side of a bunch of pansies. And everybody was very happy.—Philadelphia Press.

Emin Pasha's Visiting Card.
A fashionable visiting card in Berlin is an African importation. It is a lot of the silver poplar, which keeps its color when dried, and can be easily written upon. It delights fashionable Berlin under the name of "Emin Pasha's visiting card."

SHIRTMAKING.
The Industry in New York City Monopolized by Russian Jews.

The recent strike of the shirtmakers has called attention to a business the magnitude of which few understand. Says the N. Y. Sun. Mr. Wallach of H. Wallach & Co., told the state board of arbitration a few days ago that there were 50,000 shirtmakers in New York. Other manufacturers think this estimate too large, but there is no doubt that the industry is an enormous one. It is almost wholly monopolized by Russian Jews, generally those who have been but a short time in the country and are unfamiliar with its language and customs, though frequently they are people of some education and intelligence enough to have found the means of escaping from them. The shirtmakers herd together in the poorest and cheapest tenements on the east side. This is made necessary chiefly by the nature of their trade. A shirtmaker works until late at night, and the house of his sewing-machine would not be tolerated by the people in an ordinary tenement-house. Most of the shirtmakers are men, because the work is so simple that no skill is required, and the men will work under conditions and for wages that women, with greater skill at the sewing-machine, are not compelled to accept. The women who work at the trade are either employed in the large shops on finer grades of work or are the wives of their men and help them in their work in the tenements.

Four or five thousand persons, chiefly women and girls, are employed at shirtmaking in the establishments of the large wholesale manufacturers. These are the aristocrats of the business and make fair wages in ten hours a day. All the cheaper grades of work are given out to be done in small shops or tenements. Nearly all of it goes to middlemen or "sweaters," who divide it up among employees whose services they control.

How the Russian Jews first got into the business is not known now, but a few of those who first came to this country did get into it somehow, taking work from manufacturers and doing it at their homes. Before that the bulk of it was done in regular shops, and most of the hands were Irish or German girls who preferred such work to domestic service. Succeeding parties of Russians, finding their countrymen sewing shirts, and knowing no trade or other occupation, besought the first comers for work. So another machine would be set up in the tenement-room, and the original shirtmakers took out more work and paid the newcomers whatever pittance they pleased for helping them do it, deducting from their pay the installments on the machine, but generally keeping the machine as their own all the same. In time, as the immigration of Russians increased, the original shirtmakers got to having ten or a dozen later comers working for them each, and became "contractors" or "sweaters." The newcomers were willing to work for merely enough to buy the coarsest food, and to sleep on the floor beside their machines, and the cost of labor to the sweaters became almost nominal. To get work they bid under each other at the manufacturers, and prices got so low that shirtmakers of other races were quickly driven out of the business.

As soon as a Russian obtained a little acquaintance with the English language and the customs of the country he bought a machine on the installment plan, which he could do for 75 cents a week, and set up in business for himself, hiring two or three late comers to work for him, as he had worked for his first employer. So the number of sweaters multiplied daily until whole blocks of tenements are filled with their shops and the wire of their machines is constant on the outside from early in the morning until late at night.

The sweaters rarely had so much as \$10 capital. They have money only when they get pay for a lot of work. They may take out enough to keep them busy for ten days at a time, and while that is being done they and their employees are penniless. Sometimes the work is rejected, or the deductions for bad work are so heavy that the sweater has not enough to pay his hands. Then he goes out of business and starts up again in a new place. The hands see him for their pay and get judgment, but very rarely any money. There are thousands of such suits in the district courts every year. One lawyer had over 800 of them last year, and found goods upon which he could levy in only sixty-five cases. Frequently a sweater will take out a large quantity of work and run away with it to Canada, leaving in the lurch both his hands and the owners of the goods. There is no way of forcing a sweater who has no property to pay his hands. If they are men. An employer of women who does not pay their wages can be arrested and locked up in jail until he does so.

It is not believed that the shirt business can be kept up in New York for many years longer, in spite of the cheap labor of the Russians. It costs less to live in smaller cities, and labor there is correspondingly cheaper, so that they seem bound to take away the shirt trade. Baltimore within ten years has run New York out of the overall, drawing and elevating shirt trade, aggregating from \$5,000,000 to \$7,000,000 annually. Prison competition has helped to break down the white shirt trade, and now it is monopolized by Glens Falls and other small towns in Northern New York. Chicago has already built up a great shirt manufacturing business, and the prospect for New York retaining what she has left are very small.

The American Nemad.
A curious outgrowth of the rivalries of American cities is the practice that obtains so generally of offering bonuses and pecuniary inducements to manufacturers to move their plants. After a fire that burned down a part of the owners received so many proposals from aspiring cities that wanted to take them in that they were obliged to publish a notice to the effect that only

a small part of their works had been burned, and that they were not open to proposals for adoption. Any factory or established business employing labor can have its choice nowadays from a long list of cities; new and old, any of which will give it a site for a factory, pay the expenses of moving, and perhaps contribute substantially toward the construction of a new building. People who own land or not engaged in business in cities realize that it pays them to have their cities grow, and they are willing to hire desirable inhabitants to come to them. They rely upon getting their money back in the increased value of land or the general increase in business. The result is that the migratory disposition already so pronounced in these days is intensified, and it has become a familiar thing not merely for individuals to move but for great aggregations of workmen to shift the scene of their activities from one city to another, sometimes thousands of miles away.

Time was when where the average man found himself living there he continued to live, unless circumstances of exceptional urgency impelled him to change his residence. It is different now. Transportation has become so cheap, and travel so easy, that the ties of locality sit very lightly on the average American, and the fact that you find him settled this year in New York or Pennsylvania affords you a very uncertain basis for expecting to find him next year in the same place. When you hear him again, if he hasn't moved to Texas, or Tacoma, or Southern California, or Maine, or North Dakota, you feel that he must have had some exceptionally good reasons for staying at home. Men used to wag their heads and creak about the inability of rolling stones to gather moss. We have changed all that. Moss is at discount and there is a premium upon rolling.—From "The Point of View," in Scribner.

CATHERINE'S WRATHFUL CRUELTY.
How a Russian Princess Veritina for a Smile.

The Veritinas were nobles of enormous wealth and power. Paul held a high office in court. One night, glittering with jewels and orders, the young prince, who was one of the handsomest men in Russia, danced in a quadrille opposite the empress. As she passed him in the dance she fancied that his eyes scanned her gross figure with covert amusement. After the quadrille she beckoned to him, and with a smile handed him her tiny ivory tablets, containing seven pages, one for each day in the week. On the first was written:

"The imperial ball room, St. Petersburg." On the last: "The mines, Siberia." He read it; his face grew gray as that of a corpse; he bowed low, kissed her hand and withdrew. "Taking," says the old chronicle, "his wife, the beautiful princess of Novgorod, with him." He was heard to say as he left the ball room:

"My minutes are numbered; let us not lose one." Flight or resistance was impossible. The hold of Catherine on her victim was inexorable as death. Prince Veritina was forced to remain passive in his palace while each day the power, the wealth and the happiness that life had given him were stripped from him.

First he was degraded from all his offices at court; next his estates were confiscated by the crown; his friends were forbidden to hold any communication with him; his very name, one of the noblest in Russia, was taken from him, and he was given that of a serf. Then his wife and children were driven out of the palace to herd with beggars. "The last day," says the record, "Paul Veritina, in rags and barefoot, chained to a convict, bade an eternal farewell to his home, and departed to the dark and icy north. He was seen of men no more."—Chatter.

Easy Enough to Explain.

A clergyman was lamenting the fact that his congregation appeared to be restless during his sermons and declared that many of the members of his flock would get up right at the time when he fancied himself the most impressive and would leave the house. "That's bad," answered a young preacher, "but I must say that I do not experience any such annoyance. Not a single member of my congregation gets up and goes out during services."

"You don't say so?" the first speaker exclaimed. "How do you manage it?" "I don't manage it at all—seems to manage itself."

"Don't they complain when you preach a long sermon?" "No, I've never heard a word of complaint."

"That is indeed singular. Your people must have been exceptionally well brought up."

"No, I think not." "Then you must be one of the most eloquent of men. What is the style of your preaching?"

"Oh, rather dry. I am compelled to admit. I do not possess the faculty of drawing an interesting illustration or of throwing out a bright idea."

"Well, well, I have never heard of anything so wonderful. And you tell me that no one ever gets up and goes out!"

"Yes, that's what I tell you." "Well, I don't understand it, that's all."

"Oh, it is easy enough to explain. I am chaplain at the penitentiary."

A Wonderful Well.
There is a wonderful well down near Del Norte. The force of the water brings up from the depths an occasional lump of native silver or a gold nugget. Local scientists claim that at a great depth and under enormous pressure, the water is washing away a ledge of rock, whose softer parts go into solution and give the water its mineral qualities, but whose gold and silver, not being dissolved, are brought to the surface in a metallic state.

Indigent Students.
About 70 per cent of the students at Georgia's state university are poor boys who are in their places through rigid economy practiced at home.

FROM MANY SOURCES.

The harvest in France is the best in ten years.
New York City spends over \$2,000,000 a year for flowers.

The question of abolishing luncheon is being agitated in England.

A New York man has a tooth of George Washington in a glass case.

A 12-year-old girl is said to have seen the Virgin Mary in an Austrian forest.

A drop-a-nickle-in-the-slot contrivance threatens to make the bootblack superfluous.

A Madrid dispatch says that the government is in very gloomy financial straits and that the proposed high tariff is not so much a measure of protection as to raise revenue.

German East Africa is to have the advantage of cheap postage. The government has appointed agencies called "Kaiserliche Deutsche Post-Agenturen" at Zanzibar, Bagamoyo and Dar-es-Salaam.

There is really but one place in the world where violins are made extensively. That place is Markneukirchen, with its surrounding villages. There are altogether about fifteen thousand people living there who do nothing else but make violins.

In Moscow may be seen in the streets any day a beggar who was a few years ago one of the richest men in the city. His father left him \$7,500,000, but he gambled it all away. He cared literally for nothing but gambling, and if he had the money again he would lose it once more the same way.

A mutiny arose lately on a steamer which was on the way to Yakutsk with Siberian exiles. Two of the prisoners had been cruelly horsewhipped for some offense, real or imaginary. The other convicts, thinking the punishment inhuman, threw themselves upon the escort, disarmed them and bound them hand and foot. The commander they horsewhipped. They then landed and let the steamer drift. When the vessel was noticed and the troops set at liberty the governor of Yakutsk had the fugitives pursued. Two of them were shot and five retaken.

THE GIRL WE LIKE.

There is a type of a girl that everybody likes. Nobody can tell exactly why, but after you have met her you turn away to some other woman and say: "Don't you like Miss Grosvenor?" Now the reason you like her is a subtle one; without knowing all about her you feel just the sort of girl she is.

She is the girl who is not "too bright and good" to be able to find pleasure and joy all over the world.

She is the girl who appreciates the fact that she cannot always have the first choice of everything in the world.

She is the girl who is not aggressive and does not find joy in lusting aggressive people.

She is the girl who has tact enough not to say the very thing that will cause the skeleton in her friend's closet to rattle his bones.

She is the girl who, whether it is warm or cold, clear or cloudy, finds no fault with the weather.

She is the girl who, when you invite her any place, compliments you by looking her best.

She is the girl who is sweet and womanly to look at and listen to and who doesn't strike you as a poor imitation of a Juliet-mondaine.

A Progressive Company.

In addition to the splendid passenger equipment now furnished by the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad, the management have arranged to run vestibuled passenger cars on the through day trains, commencing with September 1. These cars are the product of the Pullman Company shops, and are considered by many railroad men to surpass in elegance and completeness any parlor cars which have as yet been placed on the rails.

Before the winter travel commences all passenger trains will be provided with safety steam-heating apparatus which is connected with the engines and receives its steam from this source, thereby obtaining an even temperature in the car at all times.

These improvements are made for the convenience of the traveling public and reflect credit upon the liberal policy adopted by the management of the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad.

EYES OPTICAL INSTITUTE OCULIST
examined free. WATKINS connected with W. B. BISHOP, JR., INSTITUTE.
Specialties in all eye diseases. Also, the use of the EYE & EAR WAX. Leading specialists in these specialties. Consultation free. Hours 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Suite 311, 12th and Broadway, N. Y. City.

TOYS! TOYS! TOYS!
New goods in steam, mechanical and other toys. Don't fail to see our line and learn prices. New catalogues of toys mailed free outside the city. GEO. J. SCHMIDT & BROS., 102 Randolph Street, between Clark and Dearborn, formerly 51 State Street.

FOR information about lands and cheap homes in Florida always write to J. C. Ross, Live Oak, Florida. Reading matter and State Map 10c each.

BORCH-
102
E. WASHINGTON ST. YOUR EYEIGHT.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.

DR. CALVERT, 111 STATEN, CORNER MADISON.
Specialty, diseases of women and the nervous system. All diseases of the skin, nose, throat, and lungs successfully treated; twelve years' practice. Consultation free. Hours 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Suite 311, 12th and Broadway, N. Y. City.

WIVES
Should know how child bearing can be effected without pain or danger and cure their ills. Send for free information. A wonderful discovery.
DR. J. B. DYE, Buffalo, N. Y.

WILSON,
THE
PHOTOGRAPHER!

In Giving Away a Fine Photo-Crayon Portrait. With every dozen cabinets, at \$2.00 per dozen. Children, Family Groups, Bridal Groups, perfect. Open Sundays. Cloudy weather good as sun shine. Studio, 282 State St., Chicago, Ill.

PENSIONS.
The Disability bill is in law. Soldiers disabled since the war are entitled. Widows who are dependent are included. Also Parents dependent on day, whose sons died from effects of Army service. If you wish your claim speedily and successfully settled, address,
JAMES TANNER,
Late Commissioner of Pensions,
Washington, D. C.

I Am Thy Knight.

I am thy knight, and thou hast sent me forth
To battle with the demon of despair.
To conquer self, and from its ashes bring
The phoenix of my boyhood's fond dream;
To live the long, long years and make my life
Like to the sower as he passes by
Scattering the grain of hope and fertile seed
To reap or lose as fate shall will it so.

No favor hast thou sent, as those of old
Wore lovingly and closely on their hearts
When they went forth to far-off Palestine,
But simply for thy word that it is best
And for the trust and measure sent by thee
Do I go on to conquer in the fight
Of man the brute against the man divine.

Count me no idle dreamer—most of all
I pray you not on some high pedestal
Entrench my nature; I am but a man
Who loves and hates, is merry and is sad,
Has known of gladness and has tasted woe,
And holds no higher honor to himself
Than trust to love to all things true and good
And pity infinite for suffering.

Here is my hand—and to the world my name,
For as I journey onward in my quest
I shall not falter, even when I fail;
But having found the strength of a light divine
Caught some reflection of a light divine,
Full-armed am I, and resolute as death
To face the utmost peril of my fate
To clear a hope, to hope for happiness
To be my better self as best I can,
At so long a journey of gray time
To be a man because I am thy knight.
—Ernest McGaffey.

REJECTED WITH SCORN.

"Shut in?"

"If we can only make the workmen
hear before they get away."

"Do you mean that if we do not we
shall be imprisoned here indefinitely?"

"The sudden storm raged about the
high tower room in which Conrad
Hammond, bachelor and clubman, and
Virginia Redwood, prospective M.D.,
and missionary to native Hindu women,
found themselves, by the crashing of a
ponderous door, unexpectedly in-

carcerated.

The tower belonged to an unfinished
country residence, and that country re-

sidence—the ubiquitous reporter had
already informed the country press that
it was to be one of the finest in the
country—was the property of Conrad
Hammond himself.

An hour before the slanting sun that
had been shining out of an unclouded
August sky, became abruptly ob-

scured, and the young man, meeting
Miss Redwood in one of the long walks
she was wont to take for miles outside
the sleepy old historic village with her
huge blooded mastiff, had offered her
the shelter of his tower during the im-

pending storm. Great drops were al-

ready descending with an ominous ac-

companied of thunder, and Virginia,
after a brief hesitancy, had accepted
the proffered hospitality, while Ham-

mond, who had been riding, tied his
horse to a tree. And this was the re-

sult!

The tower stood on the farther side
of a sweeping lawn that divided it from
the house, in which the sound of the
workmen's hammers and saws had just
ceased, and to make one's self heard
from its windows in the tumult of the
elements had become an impossibility.

The wind which, suddenly pouring
down the winding staircase that led to
the tower-room, had violently flung
the door, above its last step, in the
lock, carried away Hammond's reter-

ated calls in ineffectual whispers. The
lock was provisional and on the side of
the stairs only. And when the entire
situation dawned on the girl's bewilder-

ment, she put this last question to her
companion with a face that had grown
a trifle white and rigid.

"The workmen will be back early in
the morning of course," replied the lat-

ter, endeavoring to speak lightly, but
pulling nervously at his mustache the
while, "and we can't starve in the in-

terim. Still—"

"Are you certain that the door can-

not be broken open?" Virginia in-

quired, controlling herself forcibly.

"Unfortunately I fear it cannot."

He was a man of muscular build. He
threw himself against the heavy plank,
pushing against it with his shoulders
until the veins showed on his forehead.
A faint creaking of the wood was the
only reward of his efforts.

"Then we must wait our handker-

chiefs—make some sign!" said the girl,
quickly. "Surely some one must see
us."

But even as she spoke she knew that
any such attempt would be futile. The
house and tower were isolated in the
midst of large grounds.

Evening was coming on apace and
they were three miles from the village.
The thought of the anxiety that would
be felt about her in her home added a
fresh pang to her alarm. She was a
young woman who was exceedingly
proud of her self control, of her
equality in all eventualities of life.
But she was conscious now of a distinct
sense of painful discomfort. And of
all men, to be placed in such an em-

barrassing position with this man,
with this Conrad Hammond for whom
she had so very small a measure of
consideration or respect, and so large
a measure of contemptuous dislike!

With this idle man of the world, sup-

posed to be so irresistible to women.
Without knowing it—and, indeed,
how could a young woman devoted to
such lofty aims in life linger upon
thoughts of her personal qualifications?

Miss Redwood had a face most ex-

pressive of her inner soul, an eye beam
most eloquent of her condition of feel-

ing and mind. Looking at her now
her companion in imprisonment said:

"I think I need not tell you how
deeply I regret that my carelessness in
leaving that door unpropried in this ter-

rible wind should have led you into so
unpleasant a situation, Miss Redwood.
Especially as I cannot but feel you
could scarce have met with such a mis-

fortune in the society of anyone who
would be most distasteful to you."

The rain had abated and the wind
was sinking, but the clouds hung
threateningly low, and in these already
shortening August days a glimmering
gloom was beginning to invade the
tower-room. A rough wooden bench
set at some time by the workmen and
half covered with shavings, occupied
one side of the circular room, and on it
Virginia had seated herself, her fingers
clutched, her handsome young eyes
burned sternly away.

Although this Conrad Hammond,
whose charms and good looks (and
riches) women so liberally extolled, and
for whom she personally had always
felt such an unaccountable aversion,
had had the good taste to take up his
stand at the further end of the small
room, she was uncomfortably aware

that his glance questioned her with
strange insistence through the dark.
Wrapped up in her desire for a useful
and worthy career, she had always
shown herself supremely indifferent
both to her own person, Diana-like
young beauty and to any emotion it
might arouse in the men with whom she
came in contact. For this man her
usual indifference had become accentu-

ated into a latent and irritating sense
of antagonism. All the summer, though
he had never shown any pursuit of her
that could be construed into deliberate
courtship, she had been conscious of a
silent attention on his part, always
centered on herself. She had resented
it tacitly, at times with an undefined
nervousness which filled her with anger
against herself. She was fired with a
constant wish to tell him how very
poor was the opinion she had of him.

Now, as he stood regarding her with
folded arms, these indefinite feelings
rolled up within her with a complex
force that broke at last in articulate
words. If only he would not stare so
how thankful she would be!

"I don't know quite what you mean,"
she rejoined, tersely and coldly, upon
his last speech. "No one could make
this predicament itself anything but
unwelcome. It is not a question of
personal taste or distaste."

He laughed a little, shortly.

"All you are begging the question,
Miss Redwood."

She flushed haughtily.

"I never do that. If you must know
—will know—the truth, I have no re-

spect for your views of life—no. And
I judge a man by his life," announced
this uncompromising young medical
student.

"You are severe!"

"I don't think I am unjustly so,"
her large eyes flashed upon him in the
teeming darkness with indignant
fearlessness. "I simply have no re-

spect for men who live in luxurious
indolence on this toiling, writhing
earth, where countless millions work
and suffer! Still less for men who cul-

tivate the reputation of Don Juans and
Lovelaces."

A silence fell between them. Ham-

mond could no longer distinguish
clearly the features of her face. The
rain had cooled the air, and with the
advent of night a certain chilliness had
crept into the bare, high-perched tower-

room. Now and again a sighing
gust of wind circled the massive stone
walls about them and died away in a
murmur of trees. At the foot of the
tower Virginia's mastiff barked shortly
and insistently.

"Poor Don!" murmured the girl,
softly.

She had seemingly almost forgotten
the man across the room. But she
started a little, imperceptibly, when
he spoke again. His face was quite
shrouded from her now, and she could
but just discern the outlines of his
figure; but she was conscious of a tone
in his voice that had never been there
before.

"However scant your own respect
may be for a man whom you think of
as gloating in the final two epithets
you have used, I can prove to you that
such a man is capable of greater re-

spect for a good woman, on his side,
than you seem willing to credit. I had
not intended saying anything to you
now. But before we were liberated
from this mouse-trap to-morrow it was
my determination to offer you my
name and hand—to ask you to be my
wife."

"And I would have refused both gift
and request," answered the girl, slowly
and distinctly. "I refuse now. I am
not so afraid of what the world may
say. My life lines are to lie so far
from the scandalous gossip of so-called
society that I can afford to be very in-

different to any unjust blight that may
be cast upon my name by reason of
this miserable accident. As a man of
honor you might offer to marry me—
which are the artificial codes of the thing
we call social life. But I, as a woman
of honor, can marry no man in what-

ever unfortunate position I may have
been placed who does not love me and
whom I do not love in return." Her
voice trembled.

"And who tells you that I do not
love you?" asked Hammond, in com-

pressed accents. She felt him draw
a step nearer in the darkness. "That I
should speak now is what I never
thought, never desired. But since one
word has been uttered the silence truth
may as well follow. I love you."

He loved you exclusively, devotedly,
passionately—since the first day I saw
you. You have avoided me, heaped
contempt upon me. I have but loved
you the more. You are the one love of
my life. I have wanted no other
woman for my wife. I want you.
You may treat me as you will now.
The day will come when you will
—when you must—love me. I tell you
that—here—this moment. And there
will come a time when you will re-

member my words. I am a man who
is not afraid of the truth. When that
door crashed to, and I realized the position
in which you were unavoidably
placed, I said to myself that this might
be my opportunity—that you might
now be shown what was in my heart,
and might consent to marry me. Was
this wrong? Will you judge me as
harshly for this as for all my other sup-

erstitious misdeeds? Love such
as mine for you makes its own law.
Do you not realize that? I may have
tasted too many of the bitter-sweet
fruits of life, but I have never been a
base man nor a dissipated one. And
now I want to be a better one than I
have been; to lead a more useful,
a worthier existence. It is you who
have inspired this wish. And if you will
in time love me, you can make of me
what you will."

She had heard him through to the
final word, but now her voice broke
upon the last passionate vibration of
his with a vibration as passionate.

"And you call yourself an honorable
man and take such an occasion as this
to drive me to bay? You say such
words to me now—now when I am
constrained to listen to anything you
may choose to utter? Is this a time to
force a love you have justly divined
would be distasteful to a girl so de-

fenceless against intrusion as I am at
this instant? But you have already
declared that you thought this a
strangely happy opportunity! At least
you are candid in unmasking your soul
and your views. Mr. Hammond! Let
me be equally candid and assure you

that even had I some feeling of a
possible liking for you—which I never
have—the scene, the manner, and the
unpleasantly advantage you have
taken of my position, would be more
than sufficient to kill outright not only
such feeling, but the last lingering
spark of respect I might have enter-

tained for you in the bargain!"

She paused, and she now for the first
time perceived that she was trembling
in every limb. Hammond had made
no sound—had not stirred in his place.
Only after what seemed an inter-

minable pause she heard him move to-

wards the window. When he spoke
his voice had changed as much as
though it were the voice of another
man.

"You are entirely right. I beg your
pardon. I acquiesce entirely in the
opinion you have formed of me. I
have labored under a great delusion.
But it is still possible, perhaps, to save
you in another way from the conse-

quences of this unfortunate accident."

The scattered clouds had broken a
little and projected against the pale
square of night-light in the window.
Virginia could see the vague outlines
of his head and shoulders. Suddenly
he seemed to swing himself upward.
A sharp pang of undefined terror
clutched her.

"What are you going to do?"

"Swing myself on the top branches
of that tree, and trust to heaven to get
to the ground safely from there."

"Mr. Hammond!" She had started
forward, her knees quaking under her.
"It is not possible that you can be so
lunatic, so foolishly!"

Her words broke in a low cry. An
evanescent ray of moonlight had
filtered palely through the clouds, and
Virginia saw the mad leap—heard a
sharp creaking and snapping of boughs.
Then the moonlight disappeared. The
clouds closed again over the place where
it had been.

Virginia had sunk on her knees.

The next thing of which she had a
consciousness was of the bright light
from a lantern that had been swung
upon her face. Don was licking her
hands and face in a canine transport of
joy and alarm. Voices resounded
around her, and she recognized the
kindly accents of a gardener's wife,
whose cottage, a mile off, she had fre-

quently passed in her walks.

"It's faintest she has, poor dear!
And no wonder! Shut up here in the
dark alone, and how do you expect she
ever got up here? Mr. Hammond was
right then when he said he thought he
heard a voice calling for help from the
foot of the tower as he rode by down
by the entrance to the grounds."

"It was very far off to hear," an-

swered the voice of the woman's hus-

band. "Still, when the night is so
quiet. . . . But the funny thing is
Mr. Hammond didn't stop to see what
it was himself. Instead of riding on so
far as our house."

"He said he wasn't sure, Caleb.
Only when he came to think of it he
suspected more and more that some-

thing might be wrong. But he didn't
have time to go back then."

Virginia had aroused herself then,
her bewilderment all gone. He had
shielded her carefully then to the last!

"Heaven be thanked, miss!" ex-

claimed the gardener's wife. "Are you
feeling better? And how did it ever
happen, ma'am?"

"I will tell you later. Could you get
me home now? I seem to have little
strength."

Before the two worthy people retired
definitely for the night, the woman
said to her husband:

"I tell you it's been a dreadful shock
to Miss Redwood, Caleb. Did you see
how strange her eyes looked? So full of
pain, like? And white? White as a
ghost!"

In the lush freshness of the following
June the county house of Conrad
Hammond stood bolted, barred, and
uninhabited. He had been away nearly
a year, and work thereupon had been
suspended indefinitely. To the letters
of his lawyer and agents he had re-

sponded, "Leave everything as it is. I
don't know when I shall return." For
the rest, the sleepy old historic village
ceased to wonder and settled again in-

to its somnolent indifference.

The silence of the weed-grown
grounds was now so rarely broken by
human voice or footfall that the sud-

den call, "Don! Don! Down air!"
reverberated strangely under the shade
of the pathway. At its turning a man
had suddenly appeared, and Conrad
Hammond and Virginia Redwood
looked wordlessly, breathlessly into
each other's faces.

"I thought you were abroad," stam-

mered the girl. How should she account
for her presence here—under the very
shadow of the tower in which such
words had been spoken the last time
she had seen him? and what
would he think of the hot blood crim-

soning her cheek, and the trembling of
the hand that held Don in leash?

"And I thought you had gone to
India," he said.

"I go next week."

"And you came here—here—once
again before leaving?" He had drawn
closer to her, and his hungry eyes read
her timid ones. "Virginia, are you
sure you did not make a mistake that
night ten months ago? If I should
tell you now what I told you then
would you answer as you did? Would
you still go to India?"

She had covered her face with her
hands. Her words came broken and
slow.

"No. I mistook my heart that night.
I have known it since. I know it
now."

How a Cat Catches Birds.

A Waterville (Me.) feline has a great
fondness for the flesh of birds, and, in
order to make her quest for the same
successful, employs a stratagem.

Evidently understanding the bird's
fondness for angle worms, she collects
a number of the same and buries them
in the ground. She then takes her
position in a convenient place of am-

bulsh and when the birds alight to
secure their coveted morsel she springs
from her concealment and pounces
upon them. Many a bird thus falls a
prey to pussy's shrewdness.

In the town of La Grasse, France,
where the making of perfumes is a
great business, phthisis is unknown.

CEDARS OF LEBANON.

DR. TALMAGE TALKS ABOUT MEN AND TREES.

The Famous Tree Used in the Con-
struction of Solomon's Temple Fully
Described.—Many of the Tree's
Characteristics Similar to Those of
the Christian.—An Emblem of the
Saviour.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Dec. 14, 1890.—To-
day Dr. Talmage preached another sermon
of his series on Palestine and the adjoin-

ing countries. After delivering it in the
morning in the Academy of Music in this
city, he preached it here in the evening in
New York. Text—Psalm 101, 16: "The
cedars of Lebanon which he hath planted."

In our journey we change stirrup for
wheel. It is four o'clock in the morning,
at Damascus, Syria, and we are among
the lanterns of the hostelry waiting for the
stage to start. A Mohammedan in high
life is putting his three wives on board
within an apartment by themselves, and
our party occupy the main apartment of
one of the most uncomfortable vehicles in
which mortals were ever jammed and half
strangled. But we must not let the
discomforts annoy or disparage the opor-

tunities. We are rolling on and out and
out the mountains of Lebanon, their fore-

head under a crown of snow, which cor-
net the fingers of the hottest summer can-

not melt down. We are ascending heights
around which is garlanded much of the
finest poetry of the Scriptures, and are
rising toward the mightiest dominion that
totally ever recognized, reigned over by
the most imperial tree that ever swayed a
leafy scepter. Lebanon cedar: a tree
logized in my text as having grown from
a nut put into the ground by God himself,
and no human hand had anything to do
with its planting: "The trees of Lebanon
which he hath planted."

The average height of this mountain is
seven thousand feet, but in one place, it
tits its head to an altitude of ten thousand.
No higher than six thousand feet can ve-

getation exist, but below that line at the
season, are vineyards and orchards, and
olive groves and flowers that dash the
mountain side with a variety of color, al-

though the air with aromatics that float,
the prophet, and Solomon, the king, cele-

brated as "the smell of Lebanon." At a height
of six thousand feet is a grove of cedars,
the only descendants of those vast forests
that Solomon cut his timber for the tem-

ple of Jerusalem, and where at one time
there were one hundred thousand axmen
having cut the beams from which great
cities were constructed. But this nation
of trees has by human iconoclasm been
massacred until only a small group is left.

This race of giants is nearly extinct, but
I have no doubt that some of these were
here when Hiram, King of Tyre, ordered
the assassination of those cedars of Lebanon
which the Lord planted. From the multi-

tude of uses to which it may be put and
the employment of it in the Scriptures, the
cedar is the divine favorite. Where the
plains to be seen from the window of the
stage in which we ride today are parched
under summer heats, and not a grass-blade
survives the ferocity, this tree stands in
luxuriance defying the summer sun. And
when the storms of winter terrify the earth
and hurt the rocks in avalanche down the
mountain side, this tree grapples the hurri-

cane of snow in triumph, and leaves the
spent fury at its feet. From sixty to eighty
feet high are they, the horizontal branches
of great sweep, with their burden of leaves
needle-shaped, the top of the tree pyramidal,
a throne of foliage on which might, and
splendor, and glory sit. But so continuous-
ly has the extermination of trees gone on,
that for the most part the mountains of
Lebanon are bare of foliage, while I am
sorry to say, the earth in all lands is being
likewise denuded.

The axe is slaying the forests all round
the earth. To stop the slaughter God
opened the coal mines of England, and
Scotland, and America, and the world,
practically saying by that: "Here is fuel;
as far as possible let my trees alone," and
by opening for the human race the great
quarries of granite, and showing the human
family how to make brick, God is practi-

cally saying: "Here is building material;
let my trees alone."

One of the Lebanon cedar was examined
by a scientist, and from its concentric
rings it was found to be thirty-five
hundred years old and still standing, and
there is such a thing as everlasting
strength, and such a stanchness of Chris-

tian character that all time and all eternity
instead of being its demolition shall be its
opportunity. Not such are those vacillating
Christians who are so pious on Sunday that
they have no religion left for the week
day. The anconada gorges itself with
food, and then seems for a long while to lie
thoroughly insensible, so there are men
who will on Sunday get such a religious
surfeit that the rest of the week they seem
thoroughly dead to all religious emotion.
They weep in church under a charity ser-

mon, but if on Monday a subject of want
presents itself at the door, the beggar's
safety will depend entirely on quick limbs
and an unobstructed stairway. It takes all
the grace they can get to keep them from
committing assault and battery on those
intruders who come with pale faces and
stories of distress and subscription
papers. The reason that God planted
these cedars in the bible was to suggest to
us that we ought, in our religious char-

acter, to be deep like the cedar, high like
the cedar, broad-branched as the cedar. A
traveler measured the spread of the
boughs of one of these trees and found it
one hundred and eleven feet from branch
tip to branch tip, and I have seen cedars of
Christian character that through their
prayers and charities put out one branch to
the uttermost parts of America, and an-
other branch to the uttermost parts of
Asia, and these wide-branched Christians
will keep on multiplying until all the
earth is overshadowed with mercy.

But mark you, these cedars of Lebanon
could not grow if planted in mild climates
and in soft air, and in carefully watered
gardens. They must have the gymnasium
of the midwinter hurricane to develop their
arms. They must play the athlete with a
thousand winters before their feet are
rightly planted, and their foreheads rightly
lifted, and their arms rightly muscled. And
if there be any other way for developing
strong Christian character except by storms
of trouble I never heard of it. Call the
roll of martyrs, call the roll of the prophets,
call the roll of the apostles, and see which
of them had an easy time of it. Which of
these cedars grew in the warm valley?
Not one of them. Honeycuckers thrive
best on the south side of the house, but
cedars in a Syrian whirlwind. Men and
women who hear this or read this, instead
of your grumbling because you have it hard
thank God that you are in just the best
school for making heroes and heroines. It
is true both in this world and the next.
Rock that baby in a cradle cushioned

canopied, graduate him from that into a
cavalier high chair and give him a gold
spoon; send him to school wrapped in furs
enough for an arctic explorer; send him
through a college where he will not have to
study in order to get a diploma, because
his father is rich; start him in a profession
where he begins with an office the floor
covered with Axminster, and a library of
books in Russian morocco, and an arm chair
of ottoman upon which to put his velvet-
edged gutters, and they lay upon his bed
the best ivory cigar-holder you can import
from Brussels, and have standing outside
his door a prancing span that won the prize
at the horse fair, and leave him estate
enough to make him independent of all
struggle, and what will become of him?
If he do not die early of inanition or dis-

cussion, he will live a useless life, and die
an unlamented death and go into a foolish
eternity.

Thirty years from now the foremost
men in all occupations and professions will
be those who are this hour in awful strug-

gle of early life, many of them without
five dollars to their name. So in spiritual
life it takes a course of bereavements,
persecutions, sicknesses and losses to de-

velop stalwart Christian character. I got
a letter a few days ago saying: "I have
hardly seen a well day since I was born,
and I could not write my own name until I
was fifty years of age and I am very poor,
but I am, by the grace of God, the hap-

piest man in Chicago." The Bible speaks
of the snows of Lebanon, and at this
season of the year the snows there must be
tremendous. The deepest snow ever seen
in America would be insignificant com-

pared with the mildest winter of snows on
those Lebanon mountains. The cedars
cut the skyful of crystal on their
brow and on their long arms. Piled up in
great hefts are those snows, enough to
crush other trees to the ground, splitting
the branches from the trunk and leaving
them rent and torn never to rise, till
what do the cedars care for these snows
on Lebanon? They look up to the winter
skies and say: "Snow on! Empty the
white heavens upon us, and when this
storm is passed, let other processions of
tempests try to bury us in their fury. We
are used to this, and for the next five
hundred winters we will cheerfully take
all you have to send, for that is the way
we serve God and teach all ages how to
endure and conquer." So I say, Good
cheer to all people who are snowed under.
Put your faith in God and you will come
out gloriously. Others may be stunted
growths, or weak jumpers on the lower
levels of spirituality, but you are ready to
be Lebanon cedars. At last it will be said
of such as you: "These are they who
came out of great tribulation and had their
robes washed and made white in the
blood of the Lamb."

